

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED



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HELD UP!

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

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An Instructive Analogy.



If the Duke of Devonshire is to be believed, and he usually speaks with moderation, the material condition of the English people is far from prosperous. Indeed, it is such as to occasion the gravest solicitude. In a recent address he described the situation in these significant words: "There is not one of the great national interests at the present moment in the condition in which we could wish it to be. Agriculture, after all, our greatest national industry, has never been in such a condition of depression, and manufactures and industrial interests are rapidly sinking into the same condition. The mining and manufacturing interests of this country are gradually sinking." Then, referring to the necessity of finding a remedy for these evils, he added: "It is a national shame, a national scandal, that during recent years Parliament has not allowed even a single day for the discussion of the causes of the great depression under which our national interests are now suffering."

The language here employed to depict the inattention of the British legislature to a matter of the most serious national concern applies precisely to the majority in our own Congress, who have utterly and ignominiously failed to deal in any intelligent or earnest way with the financial and industrial disorders which menace our prosperity. There has hardly ever been, in all our history, such an illustration of incompetency and absolute indifference to high obligations as the Democratic party has exhibited in this crisis of affairs. With the public debt constantly accumulating, and our financial security becoming every day more uncertain, they have done nothing whatever to arrest the untoward tendency by a definite, coherent policy. With our business everywhere depressed, our industries paralyzed, and our labor stagnating in idleness, they have deliberately aggravated the situation by enacting a tariff which enures to the advantage of foreign capital and labor at the expense of our own. There is not, indeed, a single question involving the material welfare of the country which has been considered by them, if considered at all, in other than a pettifoggish spirit. Even the suggestions and appeals of the President of their own selection have been treated with ridicule and disdain. As for the appeals of the great business interests which are so sorely suffering, they have provoked from these Democratic legislators nothing but contempt.

It is idle to expect, in view of this record of imbecility and perversity, that any material relief of existing conditions will be provided by the present Congress in the few days that remain to it. That task will devolve upon the party to which the people, in the late election, intrusted the responsibilities of legislation. The responsibility is a great one, and the initiation of a sound and safe policy, embarrassed as it will be by the uncertain political situation in the Senate and the obstinate prejudices of the President, will be difficult. It must be approached with perfect unselfishness of motive, and with statesmanlike breadth and intelligence of purpose, mere partisan considerations being put wholly aside as unworthy of a party called to extricate the country from perils of the gravest magnitude. In other crises of our history this party, which stands for honest finance and the protection of the industrial interests of the people, has proved equal to all the responsibilities laid upon it, and we cannot doubt that it will rise to the height of the great opportunity which is now afforded it to establish itself more firmly than ever before in the national confidence and approval.

Honoring Bravery and Skill.

THE American people can be depended upon to applaud genuine merit. They are sometimes beguiled into the momentary adulation of shams and cheats, but their approval is never so hearty and enthusiastic as when bestowed upon real worth. There have been several recent illustrations of this fact. When Captain Baudelon, of the steamship *Gascogne*, having docked his vessel and sent the last passenger ashore, stepped down the gang-plank he was greeted with peal upon peal of cheers from thousands of spectators who had assembled to bid him welcome. He had brought his disabled ship safely to port, having displayed all through the stormy voyage a courage and fidelity to duty which, in the hours of sorest danger, reassured and comforted the passengers in his care, and he had

his reward in the appreciative acclamations of the multitude. Nor was the chief engineer, who, when the great ship drifted helplessly on the angry seas, calmly went about repairing damages, and in the depths of the engine-room planned and worked until safety was assured, forgotten in the popular demonstrations. Brave men who do their duty with loyal sincerity of purpose, who flinch from no responsibility or peril which comes to them in the spheres they fill, are not so rare as we sometimes think them; they are everywhere around us, needing only the stress of some great exigency to develop and demonstrate their heroic qualities; and it strengthens our faith in human nature to know that these manifestations of its loftiest attributes, in whatever field of action, are sure to command popular appreciation and honor. Doubtless Captain Baudelon prizes greatly the gold medal bestowed upon him in recognition of his skill and ability by the steamship company which he serves, but we suspect that he will value still more highly the honors showered upon him by the general public here and in his own land.

An Argument for Protection.

A RECENT report by Mr. J. R. Dodge, government statistician, in reference to the development and present condition of American agriculture embodies, perhaps unintentionally, a strong and unanswerable argument in favor of the policy of protection which develops home manufactures and begets a diversity of industries. After showing that our farms now occupy a million square miles, Mr. Dodge proceeds to demonstrate that the price of farm lands is highest in the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, where there are 62,743,525 acres held in farms, and where the increase in value in ten years has been thirty per cent. The next highest in value are the farm lands in the twelve States north of the Ohio, and in the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri from Ohio to Kansas, where the farm acreage in 1890 was 256,586,994 acres. Commenting upon the differing prices of lands in the various sections of the Union, Mr. Dodge inquires:

"What causes these differences? One group of States averages less than ten dollars an acre, another more than forty dollars. Individual States show greater divergence. It will be found that higher prices go with denser population, a large proportion of non-producers of farm products, activity in mining and manufacture, a high state of culture and arts, and a large exhibit of wealth per capita. The reason is obvious. Where industry is diversified all classes, both sexes, youth and age, have opportunity to labor, to produce something, to live well, to get rich. Where there is no class but the farmer the community is relatively poor, wages are low, and labor languishing for employment. Therefore land is cheap, over-production makes its products cheap, and there is no well-rounded development of human activities and capabilities."

There is the argument for protection in a nutshell. A policy which tends to the diversification of industries by stimulating home labor and utilizing domestic resources, instead of encouraging foreign labor and opening the door to foreign products, enlarges the home market, increases the value of land, enriches agriculture, and contributes to the prosperity of all forms of production, augmenting steadily individual comfort and the national wealth. The uniformity of this principle is strikingly illustrated by the statistics furnished by Mr. Dodge as to the growing prosperity of the States of the South Atlantic division and in the district divided centrally by the Mississippi. In these States farm lands show an increase in ten years of twenty-five per cent. in value, and it is precisely within this period that manufactures, mining, and other industries than agriculture have been introduced and established in these districts, once entirely agricultural. It is one of the most encouraging facts of the Southern situation that the people generally are coming to recognize the wisdom and desirableness of the policy which assures them industrial independence and tends equally to the advantage of both producer and consumer.

The Possibilities of Florida.

IT is a remarkable fact that the greatest amount of Northern capital invested in any Southern State by a single individual has been expended in Florida, the State which of all others, was deemed the most remote, inaccessible, unprofitable, and unpromising. But whatever Florida might have been before the war or at its close, no one can question that to-day it is opening a wide and profitable field for investment.

It is generally conceded in the business world that the unparalleled success of the Standard Oil combination, which, from the smallest beginnings, has grown into one of the strongest and most powerful organizations of its kind in the world, has been due to the remarkable business ability of its organizers and managers. Chief among these is Henry M. Flagler, of New York City, and when it became known that he was pouring his unlimited surplus into the State of Florida and investing it in prodigious enterprises, the instincts of the financial and commercial world led to the belief that Florida had a most promising future.

With Mr. Flagler developing the east coast of the State, Mr. Henry B. Plant developing the west coast, and H. K. Diston, of Philadelphia, draining the Everglades and changing them into an enormous sugar plantation, Florida has taken on an appearance of unwonted prosperity. Mr. Flagler, whose name must always be chiefly identified with

the recent development of Florida's natural resources, visited the State ten years ago and was charmed by its climate and astonished by its possibilities. He realized that its unique position between the Gulf and the Gulf Stream conferred upon it all the advantages of a tropical climate. These advantages he felt were capable of rare development. He realized the growing tendency among Americans to luxurious living, and that the fruits, the berries, the vegetables of the tropics, could be provided in midwinter if the waste lands of Florida were brought under cultivation and adequate means of ready transportation provided.

He realized the migratory instincts of the luxurious American and the increasing tendency to escape the hardships of a winter in the North by flight to sunny climes. He comprehended, what few others foresaw, the possibilities of a new development of our trade directly with the West India Islands and the Southern and Central American States, and with the Orient itself, by way of the proposed Nicaragua Canal. And so out of this Napoleonic conception of Florida's opportunity came the realization of what seems almost like a dream.

To Mr. Flagler the Florida tourist owes much—everything, we might say. As elsewhere said, he has made it possible, by his railway enterprises, for a New-Yorker to reach with speed and comfort all the luxurious resorts of the east coast.

The ten million dollars which Mr. Flagler has invested in his magnificent hotels, his railroad and his canal system, in Florida, have simply begun the work of development which will continue while he lives, and which others will continue long after he has gone. Heaven has blessed the State with a climate, a soil, and an insularity all peculiarly its own. It is unique among the States of the Union. Its past has been a history of hardship, but its future is radiant with amazing possibilities.

After-dinner Oratory.



WE have come upon an age of dinners and oratory, and the inclination to mix the two is leading to interesting consequences. It is a matter of easy calculation to show that from the first of November to the first of May the public dinners given in this country average more than a hundred a night, and as there are at least six speeches at each, the total is unusually impressive. At many of these dinners the same stories are told; a speaker who originates a happy illustration or a successful *bon mot* is re-echoed wherever his performance is known. "I wish I had said that," said Oscar Wilde to Whistler, after one of Whistler's best epigrams. "Oh, but you will say it," responded the merciless James. It is largely that way with after-dinner oratory, and we may well inquire where the fashion is going to end unless it is more judiciously directed.

There is an awful suspicion that the people who buy ten- and twenty-dollar tickets, and who simply eat and drink and listen, may get tired of being bored. It is one of the disadvantages of the growth of total abstinence that it makes the after-dinner audience more critical. When under the full inspiration of unnumbered bottles the banqueter cares very little about the quality of the speeches. All that he hopes to do is to keep his eyes open, his body steady, and occasionally to pound the table by way of showing those around him that he is the soberest man in the company. It is easy for a prosy speaker to work off moss-covered anecdotes upon an intellectual condition of this kind. And it is still easier for the victims of the evening to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," whether they really think he is or not. But nowadays intemperance, even at banquets, is distinctly unfashionable. The many wines are tasted more than they are drunk. The quality is praised, while the man who "goes in" for mere quantity is set down as a vulgarian. There are exceptions, of course, and there are many dinners which end in mental fog and physical uncertainty. But the great majority of the banquets are sober affairs, and the post-prandial orator finds before him a hundred or more of clean, keen, intelligent faces that measure him at his own height, and do not magnify his size or his words through an alcoholic atmosphere. The increase of sobriety, therefore, distinctly threatens to bring after-dinner speaking down to a practical basis on which a bore will be recognized as a bore, and a plagiarist as a plagiarist.

At best a banquet is a tiresome experience for the average citizen, and if the people who support banquets should make up their minds to revolt, what is to become of the numerous gentlemen who are assured in their own minds that they are very happy as after-dinner speakers, but who somehow fail to prove the fact to those who hear them? A mania of this kind is practically incurable. Heretofore it has existed upon the good-natured tolerance of friendship, and in years to come, as there may be a necessity of finding a way to handle it, there will doubtless arise a post-prandial audience agency, which will supply on short notice to orators of this kind a brilliant and appreciative assemblage who will applaud at the right time and with the fervor of real enthusiasm.

There is another thing. The really brilliant post-prandial speakers are besieged with applications all through

the year. There are so few of the really good ones in proportion to the demand that they cannot begin to accept a third of the invitations that are extended to them. Now all this means work, and the men who are worth listening to are generally men who work hard in their profession or in their business. More than one of them has sacrificed a part of his life for after-dinner speeches which at best could only be fleeting in their interest and results. The dinner with us has not yet come to be an occasion for the promulgation of important principles or policies. The speeches are most successful when most fragmentary, but the strain is there just the same. As the world grows older every leading man becomes more engrossed in his particular work. We have not yet succeeded in cultivating leisure. But among the men who bear the honors in the different walks of life are many who begin to see that they must conserve their energies, and they have yet to learn that sitting six hours at table and eating and drinking a lot of things which the human stomach does not especially want, is a poor way to take care of health. Perhaps these gentlemen may revolt from banquets and leave the field to the great army of mediocrities who mean well but who do not love their fellow-men as much as they should. Perhaps there may be a way out of the difficulty through the phonograph and the kinetoscope, but that is yet to be developed. It is certain that the giving of banquets will go on, and that there will be need for speech-making. We must look at the question fairly, and then do what we can to reform it. The first great step should be for the listeners to put down the stupid orator, and the next great step should be for the bright orator to avoid the stupid listeners.

WHAT'S GOING ON

THE Frenchman remains a Frenchman wherever he may go. When a New York *Sun* reporter boarded the belated *Gasconne* in the lower bay, half a dozen passengers rushed at him with the one question: "Has Faure got a Cabinet?" The questioners had outridden the storms of the sea and were safe in port; perhaps it was only natural that they should have some anxiety as to whether the republic they had left behind them had weathered the tempestuous seas which for a time threatened to engulf it.

ONE effect of the labor disturbances of the past year has been to persuade the people of the Western States that they must provide themselves with some more adequate and efficient means of defense against organized violence than now exist. Accordingly we find them, in some States, discussing the subject of militia reorganization, while in others positive legislation is being enacted in that direction. Thus the Indiana Legislature has passed an act which reconstructs the militia system of the State after the model of the New York National Guard, and makes ample provision for the prompt use of the force in emergencies calling for an assertion of the highest authority of the State. Every State in the Union ought to have a thoroughly organized and well-trained militia, and provision should be made also in all our populous communities for the introduction of a system of military drill into the public schools. In no other way can the public security against the restless and dangerous forces in our national life be more effectively assured in the possible conflicts of the future than by training our youth in habits of discipline, and equipping them for efficient military service whenever occasion may arise.

A GRADUATE of one of our New York medical institutions, Dr. Sarah Jean Anderson Brown, now residing in England, originated some time ago a scheme of industrial farm-houses for inebriate women which is likely to be followed by important results. The scheme has been taken up by the British Women's Temperance Association, and the first farm-house, a fine estate near Lady Henry Somerset's place in Reigate, will be opened in the early spring. The primary idea is to provide homes for the class of inebriate women who, when released from imprisonment for intoxication, usually relapse into drinking habits and become more than ever confirmed in evil courses; but provision will be made also, in a branch institution, for the care of women who are willing to pay for medical and other care in overcoming the appetite for intoxicants. The homes will be made, as far as possible, real homes in the truest sense of the word, where an abundant variety of healthy, congenial employment will be provided, both indoors and in the open air, in the cultivation of flowers, vegetables, fruits, etc. It is believed that, subjected to these helpful conditions, many of the unfortunates who now become hopeless castaways may be reclaimed and sent out into the world strong enough, morally and physically, to resist temptation. Certainly the scheme is worth trying, here as well as abroad.

THE death, recently, in a neighboring city, of an old and miserly woman, who had lived for years in filth and squalor, revealed one of those life tragedies which are only too common. It was found upon an examination of the premises where the aged recluse had lived for a protracted period, that instead of being poverty-stricken she really was well-to-do, having some twenty thousands of dollars on deposit in various savings-banks. She had for years resented

all attempts on the part of her neighbors to hold communication with her, and comparatively little was known as to her life. In a moment of unusual candor, however, she had intimated to one of these neighbors that she had a son somewhere in the world whom she expected some day to return. When her house was examined a room was found where everything was in order, as if held in readiness for an expected guest, and indications went to show that for many years this apartment had been held sacred against intrusion. One can easily imagine the pathos of a life possessed of an unsatisfied longing which at last turned to despair, but which even in its hopelessness pinched and starved itself that if the object of its affection should, perchance, return, he would find a fortune awaiting him. How many thousands of these wanderers there are out in the deserts of life for whose return loving hearts are waiting, and who, if they only knew their opportunity, might find their way back into paths of happiness and usefulness, bringing joy and comfort to those whom their absence has reduced to misery!

ANOTHER experiment in negro colonization is in progress in the Southwest, under the auspices of the Mexican Colonization Association. This association has, it is claimed, effected contracts with some thousands of negroes in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi to carry them to Mexico and settle them there in the northern States along the Rio Grande, where they will be able to purchase land on long time and at low prices. The first contingent of colonizers, some three hundred and fifteen in all, has already been transferred to Mexico. They are said to be negroes of more than average intelligence, who have made careful examination of the advantages offered, and have entire confidence in the success of their movement. Other parties are to follow at once, and if the experiment turns out satisfactorily it is believed that weekly trains will be required to carry the colonists to the site selected for them. Whatever may come of this movement it is certainly much more wise than the proposed emigration to Liberia, which, under the most favorable conditions, would be likely to result disastrously. We have said repeatedly—and we are more and more confirmed in the correctness of the opinion—that ample field for the employment of all really valuable negro labor can be found in our own country, particularly in the remote Western States and on the Pacific slope, and it is somewhat surprising that organized migrations in that direction are not attempted. It is quite obvious that some solution must be found for the congestion of negro population in the Southern States, and the sooner our statesmen and practical philanthropists address themselves to an intelligent consideration of the matter, the better it will be for us industrially, socially, and politically.

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE *Lancet* or some equally authoritative medical journal informs us that a Portuguese or Scandinavian bacteriologist—I forget his nationality—has lately discovered that old age is nothing more than a *germ disease*, and that with proper precautions against the particular bacteria which produce it, perennial youth will be a possibility to us all. It is very difficult to take even such a startling announcement as this with a grain of caution, for with the strides, nay, leaps, that science is taking these days, nothing seems to border on the impossible; and questionings or doubts on the part of any one are enough to set them down as impracticable dullards. So it would be very well for us to make up our minds at once to the inevitable, for before the century is out our infants will undoubtedly be undergoing inoculation with old-age germs, and the rest of us, too, if we can but hold on till the happy time comes. The intolerable part of it will be the period of incipient "disease" which will necessarily follow inoculation. There will be no telling how the various signs of senility will make themselves manifest; our own youngsters will probably lord it over us with all the confidence and authority of grandmother and grandfather. "Jamie" will show a precocious fondness for port; "Constance" will insist on a cap and knitting, and various other incongruous desires will animate the infected ones. But it is little use borrowing trouble, and when this most important and potent discovery comes into general use there will be few of us that will not be willing to put up with all the requirements and inconveniences necessary for its successful operation.

The success of Mr. Beerbohm Tree has been a qualified one, as might have been anticipated by his greatest admirers. The key of his acting is intellectuality, and that ever attracts less attention than mere personal qualities. His varied list of characters, from *Falstaff* to *Captain Swift*, shows the rare quality of the man's talent, for each and every impersonation is intelligently acceptable. Magnetism he lacks, but his technique is almost faultless. His appearance here has done much to relieve the monotony of an otherwise hopeless theatrical season.

The feeling in this country at the death of Dr. Augustus Coit, of St. Paul's School, is only comparable to that felt in England over the loss of the famous master of Rugby, Dr. Arnold. For over thirty years, in fact, ever since its inception, the school at Concord, New Hampshire,

has been under his direction, and generation after generation of school-boys, many of them now men, will feel as something personal the taking away of the genial, kindly rector, whose first thoughts were always for the school and his boys. Twice offered more tempting positions—the presidency of both Hobart and Trinity colleges—he chose to stay by St. Paul's, which owes all that it is to-day to his devotion. Though a man of rare parts and scholarly attainments, Dr. Coit's chief title for future remembrance will be as an incomparable school-master.

Death made great inroads into the ranks of literature in 1894, but it is really hard to realize the great ones gone till we see their names together: Pater, Hamerton, Froude, Stevenson, Christina Rossetti, Whitney, and Holmes. It is an inspiring list. They were all admirable, and several of them had elements of greatness. The coming years can ill afford to be such spendthrifts. LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

People Talked About.

—As successful jockeys are better paid than bank-presidents, and during the racing season are objects of deep popular interest, it is not out of place to record the fact that Fred Taral, after a season in the South for his health, has returned to his twenty-eight-thousand-dollar house in New York City to rest and recreate before going into training for his summer engagements. Mr. Taral weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds now. By the first of May, through the judicious use of his own Turkish bath, he will have reduced this to one hundred and ten pounds, the weight at which he won his three great races last year. He is looking forward to earnings of about thirty thousand dollars next season. The most delightful feeling he ever experienced, he says, was when, last summer, he "leaped from his horse to receive four thousand dollars in cold cash," the reward of his winning mount.

—Aubrey Beardsley, whose capacity for making the grotesque in art attractive has made his name a household word on two continents, is only twenty-two. His entire artistic training was embraced in two years' service as a draughtsman in an architect's office. Our American Beardsley—Will H. Bradley—is not many years older, and most of his art training was received in a map-publisher's office. His first ventures with his pencil were illustrations for advertisements, from which he speedily progressed to the striking posters and magazine covers that pleased the public eye as soon as they caught it.

—Rochefort returns at sixty-four from an exile that was rendered as agreeable to him as enforced absence from one's native land can be. London received him hospitably and made much of him, while he drove one of the finest turnouts in the park, lived comfortably and in some style, and had books and friends about him. To go back to Paris now without a cause to champion, with no Boulanger to assist, without even a political duel in prospect, may seem to the fiery editor humdrum and tame. The poor of London will miss him, for he was prodigal in his charities.

—Alexandre Dumas is a tall and broad-chested man of seventy, and people who know him believe that he will live to be a centenarian because of his robust physique and the regularity of his life. He is especially careful of his food, which is plain and simple, and he drinks but one glass of wine at his meals. Among the interesting objects in the author's home are a paper-weight which is a model of his father's hand, and a canary-bird which inhabits a cage of solid gold.

—One of the inmates of the Louise Home for Old Ladies in Washington is Miss Hartley Graham, who was at one time the *fiancée* of John C. Calhoun. Sixty years ago she was a belle in South Carolina, and afterward she was a favorite in Washington society, and the friend of Webster, Clay, and Buchanan. Miss Graham has several souvenirs of Calhoun, including a daguerreotype and a bracelet made of his hair.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been writing poetry for nearly sixty years. Although this remarkable woman has passed her seventy-fifth year, she has the presence, the demeanor, the expression, the voice, and the step of fifty. She has a handsome face, is in vigorous health, gives heed to the art of dress, and is far more lively than are most women at her time of life.

—It is amusing to read that the favorite short stories by Miss Mary E. Wilkins are being translated into French. Perhaps it will be even more amusing to hear what French readers think of them. Indeed, there is no living writer whose work belongs to the soil of this country as hers, and presents such great difficulties to the translator.

—A servants' ball was given recently by Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone. The festivities commenced by Mrs. Gladstone dancing with the butler. As Mrs. Gladstone is eighty-two years of age the event will not afford a theme for lecturing on the injurious effects of dancing.

—During a recent visit to Washington, Joseph Jefferson placed on exhibition a painting that was his own handiwork, and he is said to have been more genuinely pleased by the favorable criticism it received than by any compliments on his acting.

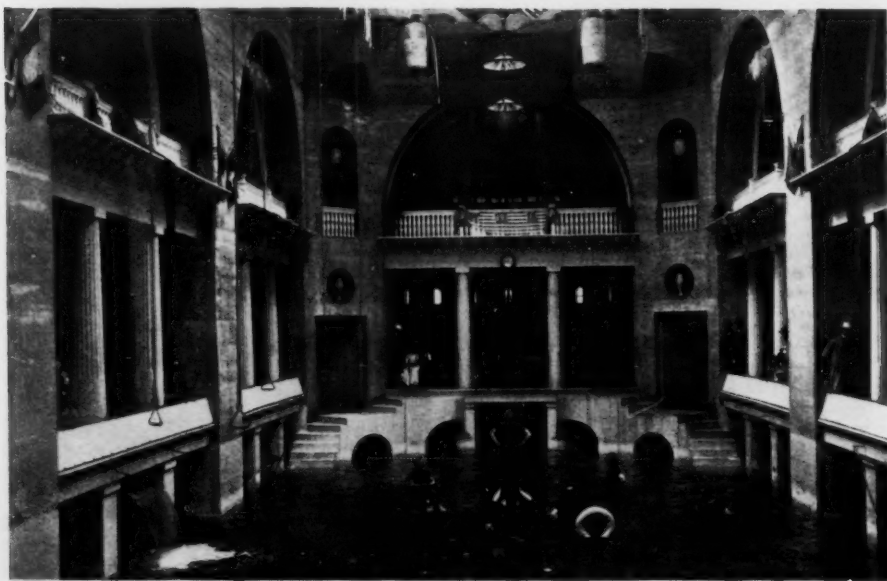
—Superstition finds devotees in all ranks. Now it is said that B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, attributes all the good fortune that has been his to the luck-giving New Zealand green stone which he carried on his watch-chain.



WATCH-TOWER OF OLD FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE.
Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co.



PIAZZA OF THE HOTEL, ORMOND IN FEBRUARY.
Photograph by O. P. Havens.



BATHING-POOL IN THE CASINO, ST. AUGUSTINE.
Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co.



PALMETTOES AT BOSTROMS, ORMOND-ON-THE-HALIFAX.
Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co.



BRELSFORD POINT, LAKE WORTH.
Photograph by O. P. Havens.



THE ROYAL POINCIANA, LAKE WORTH.
Photograph by O. P. Havens.



JUPITER NARROWS, INDIAN RIVER.—*Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co.*



ROBERT AVENUE, LAKE WORTH.—*Photograph by O. P. Havens.*

ON THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA.

[SEE PAGE 135]



"For the next three days I had not a single ring at the bell."

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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XII.—(Continued).



HO should come in on the second day but old Captain Whitehall. I was in the back room trying how many slices I could make out of a pound of potted beef when he rang my bell, and I only just shut my mouth in time to prevent my heart jumping out. How that bell clanged through the empty house! I saw who it was, however, when I went into the hall, for the middle panels of my door are of glazed glass, so that I can always study a silhouette of my visitors, before coming to closer quarters.

I was not quite sure yet whether I loathed the man or liked him. He was the most extraordinary mixture of charity and drunkenness, lechery and self-sacrifice, that I had ever come across. But he brought into the house with him a whiff of cheeriness and hope for which I could not but be grateful. He had a large brown-paper parcel under his arm which he unwrapped upon my table, displaying a great brown jar. This he carried over and deposited on the centre of my mantel-piece.

* Commenced in the issue of December 13th.

"You will permit me, Dr. Munro, sir, to place this trifle in your room. It's lava, sir; lava from Vesuvius, and made in Naples. By —, you may think it's empty, Dr. Munro, sir; but it is full of my best wishes, and when you've got the best practice in this town you may point to that vase and tell how it came from a — skipper of an armed transport who backed you from the start."

I tell you, Bertie, the tears started to my eyes, and I could hardly gulp out a word or two of thanks. What a criss-cross of qualities in one human soul! It was not the deed or the words, but it was the almost womanly look in the eyes of this broken, drink-sodden old bohemian — the sympathy and the craving for sympathy which I read there. Only for an instant, though, for he hardened again into his usual reckless and half-defiant manner.

"There's another thing, sir," said he. "I've been thinking for some time back of having a medical opinion on myself. I'd be glad to put myself under your hands, if you would take a survey of me."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Dr. Munro, sir," said he, "I'm a — walking museum. You could fit what isn't the matter with me on to the back of a — visiting-card. If there's any complaint you want to make a special study of, just you come to me and see what I can do

for you. It's not every one that can say that he has had cholera three times and cured himself by living on red pepper and brandy. If you can only set the — little germs sneezing, they'll soon leave you alone. That's my theory about cholera, and you should make a note of it, Dr. Munro, sir, for I was shipmate with fifty dead men when I was commanding the armed transport *Hegira* in the Black Sea, and I know — well what I am talking about."

I fill in Whitehall's oaths with blanks because I feel how hopeless it is to reproduce their energy and variety. I was amazed when he stripped, for his whole body was covered with a perfect panorama of tattooings, with a big blue Venus right over his heart.

"You may knock," said he, when I began to percuss his chest, "but I am — sure there's no one at home. They've all gone visiting one another. Sir John Hutton had a try some years ago. 'Why, dammy, man, where's your liver?' said he. 'Seems to me that some one has stirred you up with a porridge-stick,' said he. 'Nothing is in its right place.' 'Except my heart, Sir John,' said I. 'Aye, by —, that will never lose its moorings while it has a flap left.'"

Well, I examined him, and I found his own account not very far from the truth. I went over him carefully from head to foot, and there was not much left as nature made it. He had

mitral regurgitation, cirrhosis of the liver, Bright's disease, an enlarged spleen, and incipient dropsy. I gave him a lecture about the necessity of temperance, if not of total abstinence, but I fear that my words made no impression. He chuckled and made a kind of clucking noise in his throat all the time that I was speaking, but whether in assent or remonstrance I cannot say.

He pulled out his purse when I had finished, but I begged him to look on my small service as a mere little act of friendship. This would not do at all, however, and he seemed so determined about it that I was forced to give way.

"My fee is five shillings, then, since you insist upon making it a business matter."

"Dr. Munro, sir," he broke out, "I have been examined by men whom I wouldn't throw a bucket of water over if they were burning, and I never paid them less than a guinea. Now that I have come to a gentleman and a friend, stiffen me purple if I pay one farthing less."

So, after much argument, it ended in the kind fellow going off and leaving a sovereign and a shilling on the edge of my table. The money burned my fingers, for I knew that his pension was not a very large one, and yet, since I could not avoid taking it, there was no denying that it was exceedingly useful. Out I sallied, and spent sixteen shillings of it upon a new palliasse, which should go under the straw mattress upon my bed. Already, you see, I was getting to a state of enervating luxury in my household arrangements, and I could only lull my conscience by reminding myself that little Paul would have to sleep with me when he came.

However, I had not quite got to the end of Whitehall's visit yet. When I went back I took down the beautiful lava jug, and inside I found his card. On the back was written—"You have gone into action, sir. It may be your fate to sink or to swim, but it can never be your degradation to strike. Die on the last plank and be——to you, or come into port with your ensign flying mast-high."

Was it not fine? It stirred my blood, and the words rang like a bugle-call in my head. It braced me, and the time was coming when all the bracing I could get would not be too much. I copied it out and pinned it on one side of my mantel-piece. On the other I stuck up a chip from Carlyle, which I dare say is as familiar to you as to me: "One way or another, all the light, energy, and available virtue which we have does come out of us, and goes very infallibly into God's treasury, living and working through eternities there. We are not lost—not a single atom of us—of one of us." Now there is a religious sentence which is intellectually satisfying, and therefore morally sound.

And now I come to the great event of this morning, from which I am still gasping. That villain Cullingworth has cut the painter and left me to drift as best I may.

My post comes at eight o'clock in the morning, and I usually get my letters and take them into bed to read them. There was only one this morning, addressed in his strange, unmistakable hand. I made sure, of course, that it was my promised remittance, and I opened it with a pleasurable feeling of expectation. This is a copy of what I read:

"When the maid was arranging your room after your departure she cleared some pieces of torn paper from under the grate. Seeing my name upon them, she brought them, as in duty bound, to her mistress, who pasted them together and found that they formed a letter from your mother to you, in which I am referred to in the vilest terms, such as a 'bankrupt swindler' and 'the unscrupulous Cullingworth.' I can only say that we are astonished that you could have been a party to such a correspondence while you were a guest under our roof, and we refuse to have anything more to do with you in any shape or form."

That was a nice little morning greeting, was it not, after I had, on the strength of his promise, started in practice, and engaged a house for a year with a few shillings in my pocket? I have given up smoking for reasons of economy, but I felt that the situation was worthy of a pipe, so I climbed out of bed, gathered a little heap of tobacco-dust from the linings of my pockets, and smoked the whole thing over. That life-belt of which I had spoken of so confidently had burst, and left me to kick as best I might in very deep water. I read the note over and over again, and for all my dilemma I could not help laughing at the mingled meanness and stupidity of the thing. The picture of the host and hostess busying themselves in gumming together the torn letters of their departed guest struck me as one of the funniest things I could remember. And there was the stupidity of it, because, surely a child could have seen that my mother's attack was in answer to my defense. Why should we write a duet, each saying the same thing? Well, I'm still very confused about it all, and I don't in the least know what I am going to do—more likely to die on the last plank than to get into port with my ensign mast-high. I must think it out and let you know the result.

XIII.

1, OAKLEY VILLAS, BIRCHESPOOL,
June 12th, 1882.

WHEN I wrote my last letter, my dear Bertie, I was still gasping, like a cod on a sand-bank, after my final dismissal by Cullingworth. The mere setting of it all down in black and white seemed to clear the matter up, and I felt much more cheery by the time I had finished my letter. I was just addressing the envelope (observe what a continuous narrative you get of my proceedings!) when I was set jumping out of my carpet-slippers by a ring at the bell. Through the glass panel I observed that it was a respectable-looking, bearded individual with a top-hat. It was a patient. It *must* be a patient. Then first I realized what an entirely different thing it is to treat the patient of another man (as I had done with Horton), or to work a branch of another man's practice (as I had done with Cullingworth), and to have to do with a complete stranger on your own account. I had been thrilling to have one. Now that he had come I felt for an instant as if I would not open the door. But of course that was only a momentary weakness. I answered his ring with, I fear, rather a hypocritical air of *insouciance*, as though I had happened to find myself in the hall, and did not care to trouble the maid to ascend the stairs.

"Dr. Stark Munro?" he asked.

"Pray step in," I answered, and waved him into the consulting-room. He was a pompous, heavy-stepping, thick-voiced sort of person, but to me he was an angel from on high. I was nervous, and at the same time so afraid that he should detect my nervousness and lose confidence in me, that I found myself drifting into an extravagant geniality. He seated himself at my invitation and gave a husky cough.

"Ah," said I—I always prided myself on being quick at diagnosis—"bronchial, I perceive. These summer colds are a little trying."

"Yes," said he; "I've had it some time."

"With a little care and treatment," I suggested.

He did not seem sanguine, but groaned and shook his head.

"It's not about that I've come," said he.

"No?" My heart turned to lead.

"No, doctor." He took out a bulging notebook. "It's about a small sum that's due on the meter."

You'll laugh, Bertie, but it was no laughing matter to me. He wanted eight and sixpence on account of something that the last tenant either had or had not done. Otherwise the company would remove the meter. How little he could have guessed that the alternative he was presenting to me was either to pay away more than half my capital, or else to give up cooking my food. I at last appeased him by a promise that I should look into the matter, and so escaped for the moment, badly shaken but still solvent. He gave me a good deal of information about the state of his tubes (his own, not the gas company's) before he departed, but I rather lost interest in the subject since I had learned that he was being treated by his club doctor.

That was the first of my morning incidents. My second followed hard upon the heels of it. Another ring came, and from my post of observation I saw that a gipsy's van, hung with baskets and wickerwork chairs, had drawn up at the door. Two or three people appeared to be standing outside. I understood that they wished me to purchase some of their wares, so I merely opened the door about three inches, said "No, thank you," and closed it. They seemed not to have heard me, for they rang again, upon which I opened the door wider and spoke more decidedly. Imagine my surprise when they rang again. I flung the door open, and was about to ask them what they meant by their impudence, when one of the little group upon my doorstep said, "If you please, sir, it's the baby." Never was there such a change—from the outraged householder to the professional man. "Pray step in, madam," said I, in quite my most courtly style, and in they all came, the husband, the brother, the wife, and the baby. The latter was in the early stage of measles. They were poor outcast sort of people, and seemed not to have sixpence among them, so my demands for a fee at the end of the consultation ended first of all in my giving the medicine for nothing and finally adding fivepence in coppers, which was all the small change I had. A few more such patients and I am a broken man.

However, the two incidents together had the effect of taking up my attention and breaking the blow which I had had in the Cullingworth letter. It made me laugh to think that the apparent outsider should prove to be a patient, and the apparent patient an outsider. So back I went in a much more judicial frame of mind to read that precious document over again, and to make up my mind what it was that I should do.

And now I come to my first real insight into the depths which lie in the character of

Cullingworth. It began by my trying to recall how I could have torn up my mother's letters, for it is not usual for me to destroy papers in this manner. I have often been chaffed about the way in which I allow them to accumulate until my pockets become unbearable. The more I thought about it the more convinced I was that I could not have done anything of the sort, so finally I got out the little house-jacket which I had usually worn at Bradfield, and I examined the sheaves of letters which it contained. It was there, Bertie! Almost the very first one that I opened was the identical one from which Cullingworth was quoting in which my mother had described him in those rather forcible terms.

Well, this made me sit down and gasp. I am, I think, one of the most unsuspecting men upon earth, and through a certain easy-going indolence of disposition I never even think of the possibility of those with whom I am brought in contact trying to deceive me. It does not occur to me. But let me once get on that line of thought—let me have proof that there is reason for suspicion—and then all faith slips completely away from me. Now I could see an explanation for much which had puzzled me at Bradfield. Those sudden fits of ill-temper, the occasional ill-concealed animosity of Cullingworth, did they not mark the arrival of each of my mother's letters? I was convinced that they did. He had read them then, read them from the pockets of the little house-coat which I used to leave carelessly in the hall when I put on my professional one to go out. I could remember, for example, how at the end of his illness, his manner had suddenly changed, on the very day when that final letter of my mother's had arrived. Yes, it was certain that he had read them from the beginning.

But a blacker depth of treachery lay beyond. If he had read them, and if he had been insane enough to think that I was acting disloyally towards him, why had he not said so at the time? Why had he contented himself with sidelong scowls and quarreling over such trivialities as the potting of the white at billiards, breaking, too, into forced smiles when I had asked him point-blank what was the matter. One obvious reason was that he could not tell his grievance without telling also how he had acquired his information. But I knew enough of Cullingworth's resource to feel that he could easily have got over such a difficulty as that. In fact, in this last letter he *had* got over it by his tale about the grate and the maid. He must have had some stronger reason for restraint. As I thought over the course of our relations I was convinced that his scheme was to lure me on by promises until I had committed myself, and then to abandon me, so that I should myself have no resource but to compound with my creditors; to be, in fact, that which my mother had called him.

But in that case he must have been planning it out almost from the beginning of my stay with him, for my mother's letters stigmatizing his conduct had begun very early. For some time he had been uncertain how to proceed. Then he had invented the excuse (which seemed to me at the time, if you remember, to be quite inadequate) about the slight weekly decline in the practice in order to get me out of it. His next move was to persuade me to start for myself, and as this would be impossible without money, he had encouraged me to it by the promise of a small weekly loan. I remembered how he had told me not to be afraid about ordering furniture and other things, because tradesmen gave long credit to beginners, and I could always fall back upon him if necessary. He knew, too, from his own experience, that the landlord would require at least a year's tenancy. Then he waited to spring his mine until I had written to say that I had finally committed myself, on which by return of post came his letter breaking the connection. It was so long and so elaborate a course of deceit that I for the first time felt something like fear as I thought of Cullingworth. It was as though in the guise and dress of a man I had caught a sudden glimpse of something sub-human—of something so outside my own range of thought that I was powerless against it.

Well, I wrote him a little note, only a short one, but with, I hope, a bit of a barb to it. I said that his letter had been a source of gratification to me, as it removed the only cause for disagreement between my mother and myself. She had always thought him a blackguard, and I had always defended him, but I was forced now to confess that she had been right from the beginning. I said enough to show him that I saw through his whole plot, and I wound up by assuring him that if he thought he had done me any harm he had made a great mistake, for I had every reason to believe that he had unintentionally forced me into the very opening which I had most desired myself.

After this bit of bravado I felt better, and I thought over the situation. I was alone in a strange town, without connections, without introductions, with less than a pound in my

pocket, and with no possibility of freeing myself from my responsibilities. I had no one at all to look to for help, for all my recent letters from home had given a dreary account of the state of things there. My poor father's health and his income were dwindling together. On the other hand, I reflected that there were some points in my favor. I was young. I was energetic. I had been brought up hard, and was quite prepared to rough it. I was well up in my work and believed that I could get on with patients. My house was an excellent one for my purpose, and I had already put the essentials of furniture into it. The game was not played out yet. I jumped to my feet and cinched my hand, and swore to the chandelier that it never should be played out until I had to beckon for help from the second-floor window.

For the next three days I had not a single ring at the bell of any sort whatever. A man could not be more isolated from his kind. It used to amuse me to sit up-stairs and count how many of the passers-by stopped to look at my plate. Once (on a Sunday morning) there were over a hundred in an hour, and often I could see from their glancing over their shoulders as they walked on, that they were thinking or talking of the new doctor. This used to cheer me up and make me feel that something was going on.

(To be continued.)

The Chicago Reform Movement.

THE moral storm signals are displayed at Chicago, and it may be safely forecast that a storm of pronounced energy will soon sweep over the area of low barometer in the upper lake and upper Mississippi valley region.

Recent occurrences in Chicago are but a natural culmination of years of misrule, in which every department of the city government had been administered in corruption, profligacy, or inefficiency; taxes have been so imposed as to bear lightly upon corporations and capital; legislation has become merely a euphony for robbery, and justice a cloak to private interests and corporate greed. A worse danger than anarchist riot menaces the city when thugs rule at the polls, assassination lifts its hand at the inoffensive citizen, crime walks unabashed in the streets, and bribe-takers rule in the city bureaus and council-chamber.

Long patient and submissive, the public is at last awakening to the gravity of the situation. The exposure of a most audacious scheme of official blackmailing, following closely upon the election murders, the bold theft of half a ton of ballots from the city hall, and the revelation of an empty treasury, has had the salutary effect of crystallizing public sentiment, regardless of political distinctions, into a systematic movement which will result, it is hoped, in cleansing the Augean stables of the city and placing the whole administration of government upon the very highest plane among modern cities.

In the Civic Federation (of which mention was made in these columns some months since), with its six divisions covering political, municipal, industrial, philanthropic, moral, and educational work, with its thirty-four ward councils and half a hundred affiliated associations, Chicago has a scheme of civic progress which it would be difficult to improve. The plan has been erroneously attributed to Mr. Stead. In fact, it was mapped out before that restless gentleman's arrival, as the result of an agitation for municipal control of the gas plants; and the Englishman, in his zeal for reform, gave it his approval, and tried to turn it into a "people's church." The scope of the federation is best explained in the words of its president, Lyman W. Gage: "It is the aim of the Civic Federation to bring into co-ordination those social and moral forces that make for the common welfare. Its purpose is to quicken and deepen in the minds of all our citizens a conviction of their duties to the civic whole. It will reassert the principle that the people as the sovereign are entitled to honest and faithful service from their servants. It will repudiate the proposition that municipal agencies, representing all the people, paid for their services by taxes levied upon all, have a right to use the power and influence thus derived to promote the political fortunes of any set of individuals or any party. The Civic Federation is absolutely non-partisan in all its theories and plans of action, its moving idea being primarily an educational one, and its policy to focus all the forces now laboring to advance the municipal, philanthropic, industrial, and moral interests of Chicago."

In its organization there is first the central council of one hundred men and women, plus the presidents of the ward councils. With its committees meet the like committees of the ward councils, forming strong and well-informed representative bodies for the orderly consideration of the special questions brought to

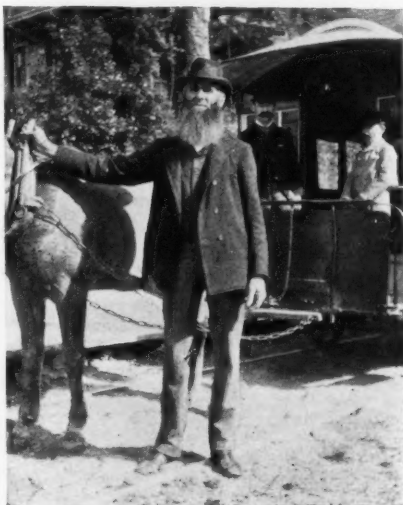
their notice. The wards have their precinct councils, which are enabled to keep close and intimate watch over all matters in their own immediate neighborhood. Philanthropic and reform associations of various kinds previously organized are becoming affiliated with the federation, and work in harmony with it. The variety of interests and their orderly consideration tend to prevent extravagant action in any particular direction.

It is notable that this movement is not especially directed against the saloons, nor even is it expected to suppress gambling or prostitution. The impossible will not be attempted. The Chicago plan is rapidly growing in popularity, and has been adopted by a score of cities from Pittsburgh to San Francisco, while a plan is now under way to unite all organizations for municipal reform into a national civic federation for mutual co-operation.

All that Chicago needs in her undertaking—and whether she has it the future alone will show—is the unstinted support of this movement by all honest citizens without regard to party, and the hearty backing of the city press. If the newspapers of Chicago give the work of municipal reform half the support they gave to the World's Fair, its success is assured.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

The Charms of Florida.



AN ORMOND CHARACTER—CAR-DRIVER AND PREACHER.

It is one of the compensations of the Civil War that as the result of the obliteration of old prejudices and the introduction of new forces into our national life, each section has come to know the other more intimately and appreciatively. It is not merely that the South has learned to appreciate the enterprise and accept the industrial methods of the North, or that the North has come to realize the vastness of Southern resources and possibilities. The great gain is that closer and more cordial social relations have been established among the people, and that unity and coherence of life and thought have been stimulated and quickened. In the achievement of this beneficent end, industrial enterprise has played a conspicuous part. Thirty years or so ago the Gulf States were as remote from this metropolis, in point of railway time, as the Great American Desert. The facilities of communication with the Southwest were poor and meagre. One could cross the ocean as quickly as he could travel from Boston to the Rio Grande. But when the war uncovered the South and disclosed its marvelous opportunities for intelligent enterprise, new conditions speedily followed. The railway system of the South was reconstructed on symmetrical lines, new roads were built, quick trains and efficient service were introduced, and now, at the end of two decades of effort and expenditure, distances have been practically annihilated; New York and New Orleans are but little more than a day and a half apart, and from the Hudson to Florida is a journey of only twenty-seven hours. The two men who have contributed more than all others to bring about this result are Mr. H. M. Flagler and Mr. H. B. Plant—the former of whom has placed the east coast of Florida within easy reach, while the latter has bound the railroads of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida into one efficient system, and performed the like service of discovery for the west coast of the Peninsula State.

No one who has ever explored this east coast can fail to appreciate the generous enterprise which has made it accessible to the tourist. Time was when Florida was sought merely as a sanitarium. That is no longer the case; now it is a haven of rest for the weary and overworked, a Mecca for the sportsman and pleasure-seeker, a paradise of out-door life when elsewhere winter's rigors make comfort impossible. Jacksonville is, so to speak, the door to

the charmed region which lies beyond it, and the city has many attractions which must always assure it popularity. Thirty-six miles beyond is St. Augustine, with its palatial hotels, its remains of the old Spanish life and civilization, its quaint streets and magnificent squares. Probably no resort in the Union attracts during the winter season a greater number of wealthy visitors, and certainly there is none where there is greater life and gaiety, set in equal splendor of environment. It is from this point southeastward that the tourist begins to see the real Florida. At Ormond-on-the-Halfax he finds himself in the heart of the semi-tropical attractions which until a few years ago remained in inaccessible seclusion. Here are orange-groves in profusion; plantations abounding in lemons, guavas, figs, bananas, pineapples, and other fruits peculiar to the climate; walks and avenues of spreading oaks, of oleander and palmetto, and clustering palms; magnolias that bloom like hillocks of snow; a hard sea beach where one may bathe in February with comfort; drives through dense tropical forests and over ancient causeways built by slaves long decades ago, and withal a hotel as complete in its appointments and as perfect in its provisions for the enjoyment of its guests as experience and wide-awake enterprise can make it. The facilities for boating and fishing are here especially fine, and "hunting the alligator" is a favorite amusement with adventurous sportsmen. The temperature at Ormond is remarkably even and regular, ordinarily ranging at seventy-five or thereabouts, and days without sunshine are very rare. The patrons of the Ormond are largely persons of the substantial sort, many of whom have been regular visitors for many years, and tourists who once submit themselves to its allurements seldom care to seek any other place of sojourn.

To such as may desire to penetrate farther into this delightful Indian River region, Rockledge, seventy miles south of Ormond, will, of course, be an objective point. Rockledge is most delightfully situated, with a broad expanse of river at its feet, and a maze of orange-groves stretching away behind and on either side of it along the river front. There is here the same abundance of vegetation and the same variety of fruits as at other points on the coast, and the oranges grown in this immediate vicinity are counted among the best produced in Florida. The Indian River Hotel is deservedly one of the most popular on the east coast.

The climax of all this Florida wonderland is undoubtedly Lake Worth and the country adjacent. Nowhere else in all the Southern region has nature done so much. With a climate almost tropical, the thermometer ranging in winter from sixty-five to seventy-five degrees; growing nearly all known tropical and semi-tropical fruits, flowers, and ornamental vegetation, this is a land of veritable enchantment. The lake itself is fed from the ocean, and is twenty-four miles long by three-fourths of a mile wide. Its shores are lined with gardens, villas, lawns, and ornamental trees of every sort, above all of which are towering cocoanuts in full bearing, the tall and stately palmetto, the spreading banyan, and here and there the travelers' tree from Africa, growing vigorously in alien soil. In the midst of all this scenic beauty stands the Royal Poinciana, one of the grandest hotels of this modern time. This hotel has a frontage of four hundred and fifty-five feet, and rises to a height of six stories, the façade being broken by pavilions projecting east and west. The style of architecture is colonial, and all the details of construction are of the most sumptuous order. But with all the regal beauties of the structure, it has an air of simplicity which satisfies the utmost demands of good taste. The recreations and amusements at Lake Worth are as varied as its natural attractions. No finer surf-bathing can be found anywhere than in the ocean, whose waters here are warmed by the Gulf Stream. The facilities for hunting and fishing are unsurpassed. Then shell and marine-curiosity hunting on the beach and lake and around the inlet, cruising, excursions to various points on the lake and to the Indian mounds, or pedestrianizing along miles of charming walks, may all be enjoyed according to inclination and under conditions exceptionally delightful. All these attractions are only eleven hours distant from Jacksonville, which can now be reached from New York, as already stated, in twenty-seven hours. Two rail routes are open to the intending visitor, the Atlantic Coast Line and the Great Southern (Richmond and Danville), to Jacksonville, and thence by the St. Augustine route to Palm Beach and the Royal Poinciana. The through trains on both these routes are equipped with every convenience which money can supply. Or, if a sea-voyage is preferred, advantage may be taken of the Clyde line to Jacksonville, whose steamships are staunch and sure, and commanded by officers who combine with approved seamanship thoughtful solicitude for the comfort of those committed to their care.

The Roar of the Fire in the Chimney.

OUTSIDE there's a humming of winter-night cold;
The restless snow sifts in the field and the old;
The leafless trees moan, though the wind scarcely stirs,
And the harp of the frost is hung up in the fir.
But here by the fire-place it's cozy and bright,
As snug and as warm as the heart of the night.
And the sound that I hear fills the whole house
With cheer—
'Tis the roar of the fire in the chimney!

See how the flame streams like a flag on its staff;
Hear how the sap sputters like elves when they laugh!
The rosy-faced coals, how they nestle and glow,
And snap fly the sparks o'er the hearth-stone below!
The room's all a blush with the bright, cheery flame,
And the heat thrills one's blood like the woods
whence it came.
But better than all, when the night shadows fall,
Is the roar of the fire in the chimney!

How bravely it shouts to the compassing cold,
Like the cry of some strong, ruddy Viking of old;
How loud and how fearless, yet honest and kind,
Is the voice that replies to the querulous wind!
No ghost of regret, and no phantom of fear
In the depths of the old-fashioned fire place I hear.
But hopeful and brave as the heart that God gave
Seems the roar of the fire in the chimney!

Then welcome to winter, the frost and the sleet,
The snow on the threshold, the drift in the street;
For then in the dear, quiet castle of home
Once more to love's primitive altar we come.
Pile up the oak logs and draw closer the chairs;
Remember life's blessings—a truce to its cares!—
While loud, and then low, like a voice that we know,
Sounds the roar of the fire in the chimney!

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Scenes in a Public Library.

A VISIT to the public libraries and free reading-rooms of a large city like New York will disclose as old a set of people as ever Dickens discovered in his beloved and grimy London.

For the most part these visitors are victims of the hard times, but there are some who are under no constraint of necessity, and would seek the libraries under any circumstances. Indeed the people who frequent these places are as different as the books and papers which they call for and read. There are some people who look like big, coarse print, and some are in fine type. The former class can be read at a glance; the latter are not so easy to make out. Like books, some people have rich and costly covers, and some have poor and shabby bindings.

The librarians tell me that their reading-rooms are better patronized this winter than in many years. There are many people out of employment, and they fill in their time by reading. Then there is a large number of idlers. They are library squatters. At this time of the year they are there to keep warm. In summer they are there to keep cool and comfortable. They sit all day long, and now and then they fall into a gentle slumber. How these idlers can live by loafing is one of the mysteries of the metropolis.

The two popular reading-rooms are the Astor and Cooper Union. Each place has its *clientele*, and each can show its different types of character. In the Astor you will find the majority of readers well-dressed, well-fed, and industrious. This library is the headquarters of scholars, writers of books, and men and women whose names appear often in public print. Here you notice that many of the readers have pencil and note-book in front of them. They are, perhaps, at work on some article designed for magazine or newspaper.

The Astor is a favorite place with elderly people who like quiet. No loud talk is allowed within the room. You may see, as I did the other day, a courtly gentleman of the old school half asleep over a volume of "The Social Life of the Reign of Queen Anne." Ah! perhaps he was dreaming of those good old tea-cup days of hoop and hood—who can tell? Elderly ladies with a religious turn of mind ask for their favorite religious paper, and find therein comfort to last them until the next issue.

There is a different class of readers at the Cooper Union rooms. Here, while you find some readers well-dressed and prosperous-looking, the most of them would seem out of place if they occupied a big arm-chair in the Astor or Lenox. There are more squatters at the Cooper Union than at any other place in the city. The place is warm and cozy, and it is much more pleasant than tramping the muddy streets out in the chill, damp air.

The time to visit the Cooper Union rooms is in the early morning, when the daily papers are put on file. It is a sight worth going to see—this rush for the news. A score of men and boys elbow and push for places. Many are eager to have the first look at the "help wanted," and then, after taking down a dozen addresses, they hurry off to make their applications.

Sometimes two or three persons read the same paper together, while others look over their shoulders. If a reader takes a long time finding out what he wants, those on the outside of the crowd bid him "Hurry up." There is no etiquette, and the papers belong to one person as much as to another.

The complete collection of newspapers, both domestic and foreign, attracts, of course, readers who are interested in the places from which they come. Thus, you can tell in most cases the nationality of the reader by the paper he is reading. You will see the dark-eyed, swarthy Italian turning the pages of *Il Progresso*; while the chic and vivacious Frenchman is happy with a copy of *Figaro*. The blonde, blue-eyed German pores over the news from Vaterland in the *Berlin Gazette*, or laughs to himself over the jokes in the *Fliegende-Blätter*. There is no need of telling who are the readers of the *Irish World*, or who are interested in the *Jewish Messenger*. There is the wild and woolly Westerner of different types; the cowboy from New Mexico visiting the metropolis for the first time; the farmer from the prairies, and the miner from Colorado. They are all looking at the papers published at their homes. Some of these are rare characters in their way, and if you get acquainted with them they will show some side of human nature that may be new to you.

Perhaps the shabby, unshaven, red-faced gentleman who haunts the reading-room has seen "better days." The writer came across such a person in the Cooper Union the other day. He was a college graduate, and he could read Latin at sight. But through misfortune and his own failings ("Lard luck," he called it) this individual had fallen in the social scale until he had become little better than a tramp. His knowledge was wide and varied, for he had been all over the country. I asked him why he spent his days in the library.

"I come here," said he, "when I have nothing else to do. I am fond of reading, and when a man has spent a night on the streets he needs a place to rest all the next day."

It is interesting to observe the manner in which the lounge lays his plans for a day's repose. First of all he draws a big folio from the library, the larger the book the better for his purpose. Then he takes a seat at the table and opens the book at random. He seems to be deeply interested in his subject. By degrees the man's head drops lower and lower until his chin rests on his breast. Meanwhile his body sinks deeper and deeper into the chair, so that his face is hid behind the big book. Now he is safe. The reader closes his tired eyelids, and although it may be bleak and blustering outdoors, he may dream of green fields, babbling brooks, and of flowers that bloom on country hillsides in spring.

Do as the writer did and become acquainted with the literary characters found in the public libraries. Get them to tell you, if they will, of their lives, their hopes, and their aspirations. You will have some strange stories. There is a world of pathos, of humor, of romance, and of tragedy in the lives and doings of the people who haunt the libraries day in and day out.

Now and then you will come across an individual who wants to spring a "literary surprise" on an unsuspecting and indifferent public. Perhaps he has a "key to all mythologies." At any rate, his work is just about as useful. No publisher can be found brave enough, or foolish enough, to print the *opus magnum*, and so it goes the way of all literary surprises.

L. J. VANCE.

Railway-train Robberies.

THE growing frequency of train robberies on the great railway lines of the West and Southwest can hardly be accounted for on the ground that the "hard times" are driving men to acts of desperation. These robberies are rather symptomatic of a widening tendency toward certain forms of crime which have become audacious because of too great popular indifference and the unwise judicial complacency with which they have been treated. Where these outrages have not been perpetrated by hardened criminals they have been invariably committed by persons who had no other excuse for their villainous acts than their own vicious instincts and recklessness of character. It speaks poorly for the efficiency of the civil authorities that in a great majority of cases the offenders either escape arrest and punishment, or, if arrested, are subjected to penalties wholly disproportionate to the gravity of their crimes. It ought to be possible for the railway companies, backed by the power of the State, to assure the safety of travel in every part of the country, and it would seem that considerations of self-interest, if higher motives have no weight, should induce them to adopt more efficient precautions for the protection of their patrons, and a more vigorous policy in dealing with the outlaws and desperadoes who assail their property and rights.

ROSA HASSELBECK SUCHER (SOPRANO) AS "ISOLDE."



JOHANNA GADSKI (SOPRANO) AS "SIEGLINDE."



CONRAD BEHRENS, BASSO.



WALTER DAMROSCH.



EMIL FISCHER, BASSO.



NICOLAUS ROTHMÜHL (TENOR) AS "LOHENGRIN."



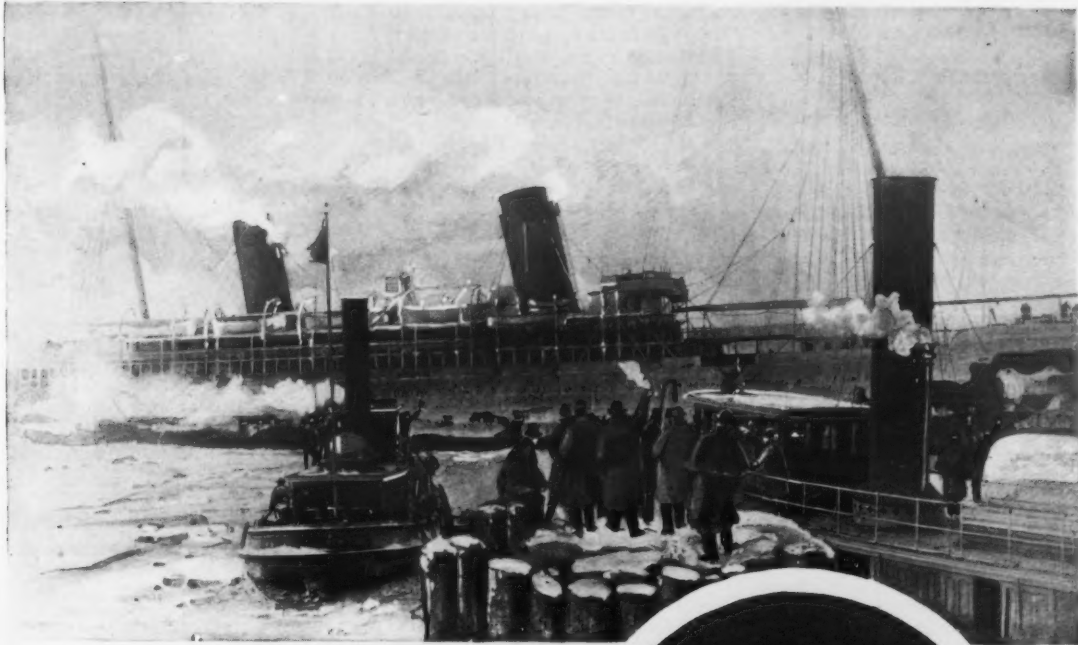
MAX ALVARY (TENOR) AS "TRISTAN."

GERMAN OPERA IN NEW YORK CITY.

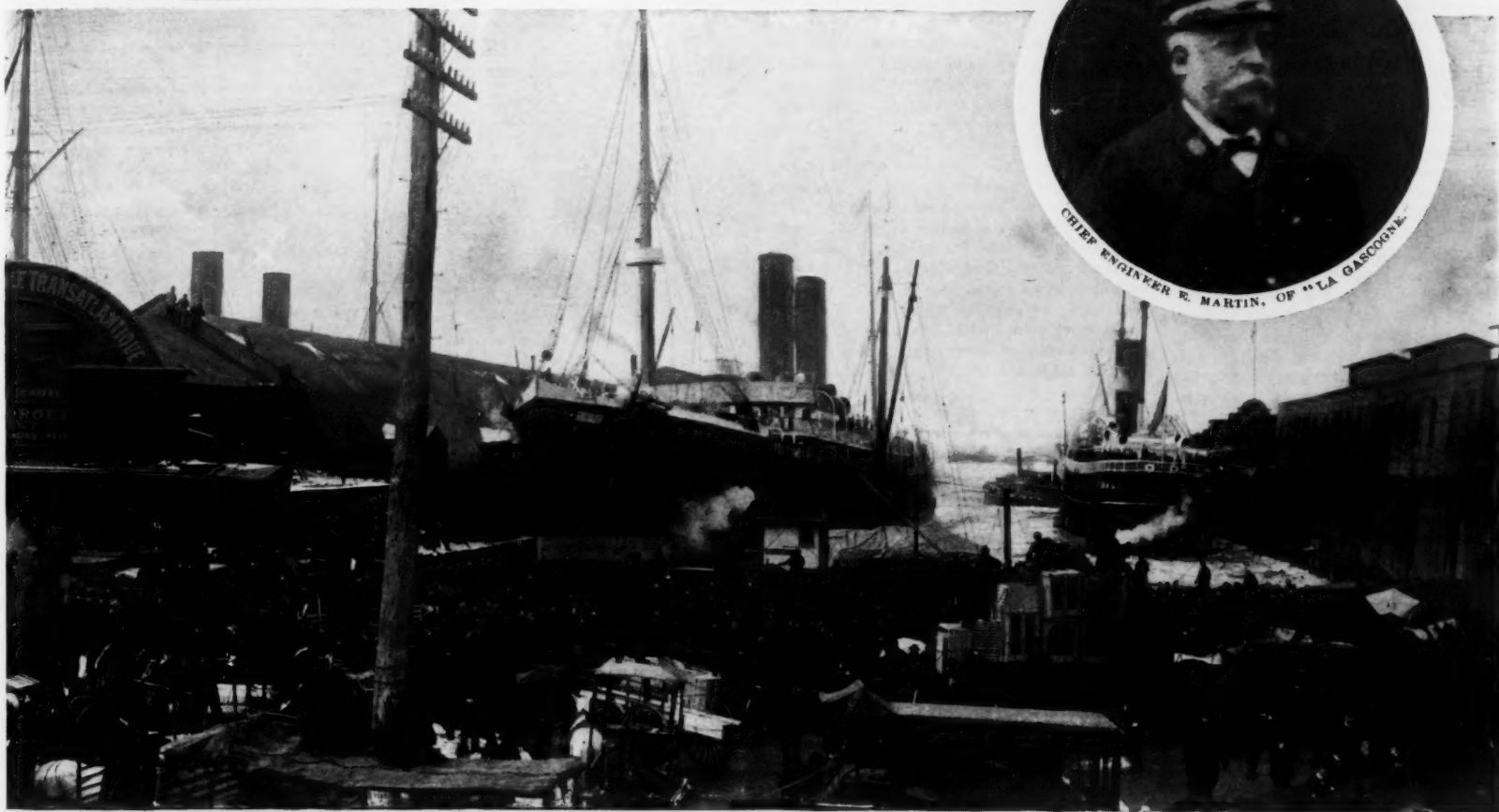
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



CAPTAIN CHARLES G. BADELON, OF "LA GASCOGNE."



THE "TEUTONIC," INCASED IN ICE, ARRIVING AT HER PIER IN NEW YORK.



THE DISABLED FRENCH LINER, "LA GASCOGNE," ENTERING HER DOCK AT THE END OF HER TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.



POPULAR DEMONSTRATION OF WELCOME TO THE PASSENGERS OF "LA GASCOGNE."—Drawn by Max de Lipman.

SAFE IN PORT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]

THE AMATEUR FIELD

The Science of Speed Skating.

Few, if any, of our winter out-door sports can compare with skating either for the fun of the thing or the glory to be gained in a race. And while most of us, for instance, know how to run fast—at least in theory—it is a question if the majority have clear ideas on the "why and the wherefore" of the speed of a Johnson or a Moshier on skates. In considering this question it is quite necessary that the understanding is free of all notions which associate the science with that of fancy, or indeed ordinary every-day skating, wherein, to achieve gracefulness of poise and beauty of stroke, sweeping curves must be made continuously.

If representatives of the two types of ice artists, the speed and the fancy skater, were to contest on a straightaway course between the two points "a" and "b," the great difference in their strokes would be most noticeable. Whereas the latter would zig-zag along his course, first swinging away off to the left then away off to the right, the speed skater would make only the slightest deviation from a straight line which begins at "a" and terminates at "b." The stroke of the speed skater is thus seen at first glance to be a straightforward stroke, the theory of which is based on the truism that the shortest road between two points—obstacles barred—is the straight road. Studied more minutely, it is to be noticed that the thigh, hip, back, shoulders, and arms are employed in the expenditure of power most effectively.

The natural tendency unquestionably is to swing out on each stroke—hence the stroke of the speed skater is, correctly speaking, an acquired one. In the alternate swing of the feet forward, the mind of the skater being imbued with the idea of kicking some imaginary object on the ice directly in front and not off to one side, he makes the correct beginning, a proper ending of which is then easily attained by keeping the foot which has the ice rigidly pointing directly ahead. To do this successfully it is necessary to overcome the tendency to turn the toe out, thus carrying the skater off to one side. In other words this stroke, as opposed to that of the fancy skater, intersects the line "a" "b" at two points rather than one, as in the act of rolling out on a graceful curve at each stroke.

Referring now for a moment to the illustrations (page 140), which were taken specially to illustrate the science of speed skating, it will be realized at once from the very vivid attitudes which Johnson and the other experts show, that they are skating in straight rather than curved lines. Notice the men coming straight at you in Figure 7. You almost see the straightforward push of the thigh as it actually occurs. Observe in Figures 5 and 6 the evident straight-line courses. In particular notice the right feet of Moshier and Clark in Figure 8, and see how they travel on a parallel to the side of the course—or, in other words, directly for the finish.

Another interesting as well as important point which we might notice by following up the two types of skaters already referred to is that the tracks of the fancy man are all well defined, and no trace of the speed man can be found except at intervals of twenty feet or so. In other words, while the one has been skating on the edges of his skate-runners, the other has been gliding perfectly evenly and allowing the edges to take hold only at the completion of the stroke, when purchase is needed for a following stroke. Naturally, when the bottoms of the runners rest evenly upon the ice, friction is at a minimum; when the sharp edges cut into the ice surface, friction becomes a powerful factor in reducing speed and in making the effort of skating more wearisome. Notice Johnson in Figure 7. The right ankle is perfectly straight and the blade is evidently flat upon the ice surface. The right stroke is evidently about two-thirds finished. Moshier, however, who skates at Johnson's left, shows a bend in his ankle as well as a turning out of the toe. This condition, of course, indicates the completion of that stroke and the taking of purchase for the following left stroke.

Each foot as it passes the other at the beginning of a stroke must be well under the body. (See Figures 1, 3 and 4.) Literally one foot shaves the other—and in some cases, notably Joe Donohue's—the action is so close that interference is a matter of nearly every stroke, and interference means, of course, a good bit of leather-scraping, oftentimes slicing, as the sharp steel passes swiftly by. A very good idea may be had of this in Figures 1 and 7, where the line of vision is in a direct line with Moshier. Moshier perhaps handles his feet better than any of the star skaters performing to-day, for though he never interferes, his foot work is so well under him that an unnatural projection the one-third-second of an inch on either

inside ankle would be removed at the first stroke of the swiftly-passing blade. In the handling of the feet, too, the proper stroke requires that the skates work in the lowest possible plane, and the blades continue as nearly parallel with the surface as possible. Hence, it is an error to raise the heel high in air, thus depressing the toe. With beginners this fault is most laughable. Pushing off the left foot for a right-foot stroke, the left is immediately afterward raised so that the skate almost lands in the small of the back.

The stroke is by far the most difficult of mastery, and such details as pose of body relative to the hips, balance, and the correct use of arms, shoulders, and body trunk come almost without study. The pose of the body depends on several conditions, but generally speaking the slower one goes the more he bends over. In sprinting, something less than seventy degrees from a perpendicular would be a fair average, whereas in long-distance skating the angle would not be far from a right angle. When there is a strong wind blowing of course this rule does not hold. In bucking the wind, either at high speed or at leisure, it is necessary to bend well over, while in running before it an upright position is desirable in order that every advantage may be taken of its propelling power.

Balance includes correct poise, but more particularly the artful changing of weight from one foot to the other. A skater of great muscular power becomes a weakling if he has not balance—or, in other words, a firm basis on which to work. Without exception the illustrations almost speak of perfect command of the situation, breathing power in every position. In this shifting of weight, too, the shoulders, hips, and body trunk play no mean part in supplying a force totally distinct from that of the muscles of the thigh, and may be likened to the straight lead of a boxer who, in order to add force to his blow, swings his body into it. So with the skater; as he lurches out at the completion of one stroke for another he puts into the lurch not only the steady push of the thigh and back muscles, but also a snappy twist of the body. Moshier, in Figure 7, shows this. The holding back of his left side is apparent, and one can almost see the lunge to follow as the left foot takes the ice. Figure 5 gives an idea of this lunge, too.

It may prove interesting to remark that the length of stroke when skating sprint races is anywhere from eighteen to twenty-two feet; for long-distance skating, twenty-five to twenty-eight feet. Generally speaking, then, in skating distances of a hundred, two hundred and twenty, or four hundred and forty yards, the stroke should be short and quick, and the arms should work rapidly from side to side. In the latter case (distance races) the hands are clasped behind the back, the arms hanging loosely on the hips. Swinging of the arms is exhausting, and should be avoided when possible.

COWLES PROVES AN ALIBI.

Alfred Cowles, Yale, '86, writing from Chicago under date of February 10th, comments as follows on what an old Yale oarsman had to say in this column recently on the blind following of tradition in the training of candidates for the Yale crew at New Haven: "While my mind carries the memory of many mistakes made in the year I was captain of the crew—1886—still I do not like to have that memorable run to Ansonia laid at my door. It took place in 1885, and was an unfortunate strain on the strength of the men in training."

The run referred to by Mr. Cowles was told of in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* in this wise:

"The following year, when Cowles, '86, was captain of the crew, it so happened that the fellows had been given tickets to the theatre, it being the end of a week wherein extra good work had been done. At 3.30 o'clock, as it was impossible to row on account of ice in the river, we started out for a run, led by Cowles. Gayly we started, for the change of exercise was delightful, but after two hours of jogging, during which we had gone steadily away from home, all pleasure of the run began to wear away. When Ansonia was reached, a distance of ten miles, we were all hopping mad, but I had determined to see that show, so when the order was given to return I just lit out, and by great exertion reached the gymnasium at 8.30. John Rogers was the last man in, at 11 o'clock. He had lost his way and had, at the danger of his life, taken to the railroad tracks."

In justice to Mr. Cowles, then, his words are made public. The substitution, however, of the name of Henry Flanders where that of Mr. Cowles now appears, corrects merely a detail. The substance of the story needed no better attribute to its truth than his words above quoted.

Now this "memorable run," as well as two other instances of a like nature, were treated under the caption "Blind Allegiance to Tradition in Rowing," with the simple object in view of showing how strongly captains of crews at New Haven used to be swayed by precedent. And it may be further said, the subject seemed most timely, inasmuch as Armstrong, this year's captain, had started out quite differently

from his predecessors, and was apparently proceeding upon lines which implied the doing of what seemed best to himself—his own way of thinking—rather than what seemed best to the captain or coach of a crew of a dozen years ago.

No one knowing Mr. Cowles personally would think for a moment of attributing to him a want of reason, or that the stock of common sense which was naturally his as an undergraduate was other than held in abeyance by blind allegiance to tradition. What is more, it is not even a matter of wonder that he was swayed by old customs, for his college days were passed at a time when old customs were simply revered, and so closely adhered to that radical changes would have seemed almost traitorous. If Cowles, however, were in Armstrong's boots to-day, surrounded by latter-day notions and the now-prevailing idea of doing things up-to-date fashion, he would undoubtedly be found following Armstrong's present system of "less work and more common sense."

W. T. Bull.

The Season of German Opera.

"THE king is dead! Long live the king!" As the Italians, armed with their guitars, march out at the back door of the Metropolitan Opera-house, the Germans, with tuba and trombone, enter at the front.

Some years ago a season of purely Wagnerian opera would have been considered a perilous undertaking, but the music of Wagner is no longer that of the future, but most decidedly that of the present. And it is for this reason that the public have looked eagerly forward to a musical season which will be exclusively of the works of the great master.

This revival has a peculiar value at present, and its results will have special significance, of which all thoughtful observers of musical affairs are bound to take notice. Barring some spasmodic performances in aid of charity, in circumstances which made a high level of merit quite hopeless of attainment, we have heard nothing of the dramas of the Ring since 1891, except from the concert platform.

We had a Wagner cycle here in 1890, when all of the Bayreuth master's works, except the forbidden "Parsifal," were presented in their proper sequence. To those who care enough for Wagner to study him, such a presentation is extremely interesting. It affords the opportunity to observe the growth and development of a great genius as demonstrated in his works.

The dramas offered in the coming season are "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Die Götterdämmerung."

Walter Damrosch made a tour of Germany during the last summer and was fortunate in securing the services of some of the most notable artists the world has yet heard.

The leading soprano is Rosa Hasselbeck Sucher. This lady has already made a success in various parts of Germany as a portrayal of some of Wagner's leading characters. Her first engagement was at the Theiss Theatre in Munich, following which she sang at Leipzig, where she was married to Herr Sucher, manager of the theatre. With him she made a starring tour through Germany which ended with a long stay in Berlin, where she sang at the Court Theatre and was decorated by the late William I.

The leading contralto is Marie Brema, strange to say, a Scotch woman. This lady is described as being physically handsome, and with a great deal of dramatic power. She made her debut at the Bayreuth Festival, where she appeared as Kundry with great success.

The second soprano, Johanna Gadschi, was educated in Germany, and has been on the stage but a short time, her debut having occurred two years ago, in Berlin, as Elsa in "Lohengrin." She attracted great attention and charmed those who heard her, especially a young German officer of high birth, who fell in love with her, and whose name she now bears as his wife.

As *Era*, in "Die Meistersinger," she made a distinct sensation. While singing in Bremen she was engaged to sing *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser," at Bayreuth, but owing to a misunderstanding she dissolved the agreement, and her services were at once secured by Mr. Damrosch for New York's German opera.

Max Alvary, the leading tenor, needs no introduction to the American public, who will only be too glad to welcome him back to the scenes of his former triumphs. It is not generally known that Mr. Alvary is the son of Andreas Aschenbach, the famous landscape painter, whose works are well known in all parts of the country. Nicolaus Rothmühl, who is considered the ideal *Lohengrin*, is a Pole, having

been born in Warsaw, and if reports be true, will probably share the honors with Max Alvary. Messrs. Emil Fischer and Conrad Behrens, the bassi, are too well known here to call forth any additional remark.

The chorus is in the hands of Mr. Elliott Schenck. An important feature of operatic production is the scenery, which, under the Abbey régime, has frequently been far from satisfactory. We are assured by the Damrosch management that the scenery, prepared in Germany, will be up to the high standard required by operatic representations.

Under such favorable conditions there can be no doubt of an unqualified success.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE EASTERN WAR.

THE surrender of the Chinese fleet at Wei-Hai-Wei, and the occupation of that stronghold by the Japanese, marks another important stage in the progress of the struggle between these Asiatic Powers. Taken in connection with the fact that the Chinese forces in Manchuria are cut off from their base of supplies and utterly demoralized by repeated defeats, it would seem that this last disaster at Wei-Hai-Wei places the country practically at the mercy of the invaders, and that the occupation of Peking is now only a question of time. Meanwhile the Chinese government, having played unsuccessfully its usual game of prevarication and delay in the matter of peace negotiations, is reported to have finally accepted the advice of the foreign ministers in Peking and will dispatch an embassy of high officials to Japan with full authority to arrange a treaty of peace. Whether such a treaty can be negotiated on the basis insisted upon by Japan is yet to be determined. That government will, it is understood, demand not only an indemnity sufficient to cover the expenses of the war, but also concessions of territory, including Corea, the Lian-Tung peninsula, and Port Arthur. The statement as to Corea may perhaps be doubted, but in other respects it may be correct. Both England and Russia would no doubt object to any acquisition by Japan of territory which would augment her influence, at their expense, in the politics of the East. We give two additional illustrations of incidents of the war, one of which shows a scene in Port Arthur at the time the Japanese entered the town. The newspaper controversy in reference to the alleged "wholesale massacre" at Port Arthur still continues, but the most trustworthy accounts from unprejudiced sources all agree that the statements which charged the Japanese with extraordinary excesses were unwarranted by the facts.

THE LOSS OF THE "ELBE."

Among our foreign pictures is one illustrative of the rescue of the survivors of the *Elbe* disaster by the Lowestoft smack *Wildflower*. We also give a portrait of Miss Boecker, the only woman saved. When the life-boat in which the survivors were drifting was discovered by the *Wildflower* the waves were breaking over it with tremendous force, and it was with great difficulty that the occupants were got aboard the smack. Miss Boecker lay in the bottom of the boat, utterly exhausted, and could not have endured much longer the exposure to which she was subjected. She is but twenty years of age, and was returning from Bremen to Portsmouth, where she is employed as a lady's companion. She has since had an audience with Queen Victoria, who manifested the greatest interest in her case.

THE NEW BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP.

The new British battle-ship, the *Majestic*, which was recently floated out of dock at Chatham, is a sister of the *Magnificent*, and is the second of the six first-class battle-ships that are included in the admiralty programme. The tonnage of this class of ships is 14,900 tons, while the guns are to be fifty-ton guns of a new type, more powerful than the sixty-seven-ton guns of the *Royal Sovereign* class. The *Majestic* has been built at Portsmouth, and was commenced in November, 1893. The *Magnificent*, it will be remembered, was built in a year and a day, that being a "record" in war-ship building. Great Britain evidently means to maintain her naval supremacy, at whatever cost to the tax-payers, and in spite of the protests of some of them.

WINTER PLEASURES ABROAD.

In Europe, as in this country, the winter has been marked by exceptionally cold weather. Storms of unusual severity, too, have prevailed in foreign waters, and many disasters to vessels are reported from Liverpool and other foreign ports. In Paris and London the cold weather, while causing a good deal of suffering among the poor, has contributed to the enjoyment of the more fortunate classes, who have been enabled to indulge to an unusual extent in sports peculiar to the season. Two of our pictures illustrate the skating fashions in Paris and London.

Feminine Fancies.

APPROPOS of the season, with the thermometer tending toward zero, it is quite in the order of things to turn one's attention to furs. It is certainly the time of all others to buy good furs cheaply, and really marvelous bargains are waiting for prudent purchasers. Great reductions have been made in all the sealskin garments, the capes of black bear, and jackets of caracul, all of which will undoubtedly be popular next year.

Speaking of next year reminds me to say that if you want to lead in the fashion of furs you must wear blue-fox. Of course it will require a plethoric purse, for it is an expensive fur. When seen for the first time one wonders why it is called "blue" fox, for it is decidedly gray in color; yet put it against white and the fur is blue, as all those will testify who have seen the little animals running across the glistening snow in their Alaskan home. The fur is rare now, therefore costly, yet in one or two seasons it will probably be within the reach of all. It is the favorite of the Queen of England, therefore the court fur.

Nothing is more exhilarating than the consciousness of being well-dressed, and many of the trifling ills of life become obscured by this self-satisfied feeling. Never before was there such an opportunity for making a good appearance with a small outlay of money. A woman may have one black skirt, cut and stiffened after the approved mode, with a variety of bodices to wear with it, and yet the credit of possessing an extensive wardrobe.

The favorite bodice has a pouched front. That is, it bags over the belt directly at the centre, yet is as close as desired at the sides. Braces of some sort accompany nearly all the fashionable bodices. Sometimes they will be bands of fur, sometimes of lace insertion embroidered in spangles, and again bands of jet or passementerie. Occasionally they are fastened on the shoulders with buckles, which aid in pressing down the sleeves, for now the fullness is forced from the shoulder to the elbow. In many of the imported costumes the sleeves are fitted smoothly to the top of the arms, and the puffing begins on a line with the arm-pits. The braces are arranged over the shoulders as usual. This fashion will be becoming to full, round figures, but very trying to slim, narrow shoulders.

Collars are undergoing a slight change, and those with frills and tufts at the sides have been voted *passé* and relegated to the masses. The newest collars are swathed, but instead of frills, have single or double revers of velvet or satin turning over from the top at each side of the throat.

A lovely Paris model for a dinner-gown is pictured this week, and is made of a velvety satin in a tint called "sunshine." It is in the form of a princess robe, with an upper bodice of pansy velvet covered with point de Venise, and encircled top and bottom with Russian violets. The large sleeves of white satin are caught up on the outside with bunches of violets, and at the left of the bodice is a larger bunch and a black ostrich tip, tied with white satin ribbon.

ELLA STARR.

The Knights of the Highway.

He is passing away—the old-fashioned stage-robber of the Far West, the lone highwayman with the gunny-sack mask and the shot-gun. The outlaw of the new West, elsewhere referred to, is a mere bloodthirsty wretch, who is an unworthy successor to Shorty Hays, who wore kid gloves and spoke French, or to Black Bart, who wrote poetry. In his day, the old-school highwayman made criminal history. Time was when his name was known on two continents, for then the knight of the road was a brave man, a chevalier, a romantic sort of chap, while now the occasional stage-robber of California, Nevada, or Oregon is a cowardly species of the genus tramp.

Twenty-five years ago Shasta County, in California, was remote from communication by rail, and the thinly-settled mountains, containing thousands of secluded cañons and silent forests, were of easy access, and afforded reasonably safe retreat for outlaws. At that period, too, the placer mines were becoming exhausted, and many adventurous spirits were



PARIS DINNER-GOWN.

compelled to abandon mining when there was no other apparent means whereby they could sustain themselves. Many of these resorted to gambling.

There is nothing so conducive to despair as gambling when the gambler loses, while a winner is sometimes rendered so cautious as to become cowardly. It was no uncommon occurrence for miners, after a successful season's work, to risk their hundreds or thousands in the course of a few hours on the turn of the cards; and as there were always plenty of "professionals" who manipulated the same with dexterity and science, the reckless but unsophisticated lost with remarkable promptness and regularity. Probably the gaming-tables have furnished our more dauntless and industrious desperadoes.

The men who robbed stages in the California mountains twenty-five years ago were often educated, intelligent, and generally shrewd, active, brave, and "honest." They adopted stage-robbing when everything else failed, and it was their ultima thule—a profession they did not like, but there was nothing else visible to them by which they could fairly earn even an existence. Such men would have scorned to rob a poor man, and no instance is recorded of a "respectable" highwayman ever having robbed an obscure cabin, a sluice-box, or a single individual.

The express company was to them a giant corporation which they had helped to create and sustain, but from which they could extract no dividend except by the process they adopted—the last argument to which even kings resort. If they sometimes rifled the mail-bags it was when the express-box was light and unpromising, and they selected the money packages exclusively. Uncle Sam, in their opinion, as common carrier, would make the loss good

to his patrons. When they adopted the profession of stage-robbing they were, like most of humanity in that country, adventurers or speculators or gamblers, but they hazarded

their lives instead of capital, and relied upon their own talents for protection. Their motto was that it is as honest to steal in one way as another, if done "on the square."

It was seldom that the old-fashioned knight of the Western highways shed blood, unless pursued, and then in self-defense. An instance is recalled when, upon being ordered to halt, the stage-driver failed to comply readily on account of his wagon being on the down-grade, and the masked inspector of stages fired a charge of fine shot, which lodged in the driver's neck and head, whereby he lost an eye, but was not otherwise severely wounded. This, however, occurred in 1874, when knightly gentlemen had begun to degenerate.

Eighteen years ago this month one of these knightly gentlemen was killed by an express messenger. He was evidently a true knight of the road, well-dressed, intellectual in appearance, with soft, white hands, and fifteen hundred dollars on his person, which he was probably saving up for some unknown but doubtless charitable purpose. He was solitary and alone, and was shot by the messenger from the inside of the coach while he was transacting his brief but impressive business with the driver. A coroner's inquest failed to establish his identity.

They have all disappeared now. The world no longer hears of Black Bart, or Shorty Hays, or Sheet Iron Jack, or the many others whose escapades and daring deeds were recounted at home and abroad.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

Our Superlative Department.

VIII.—THE BIGGEST THINGS.

A NUMBER of the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY have taken advantage of the invitation extended seven weeks ago to "write promptly to the editor any bigger things of this kind or any other" which they knew about. Some of these letters are given in substance as follows: Mr. John Tonge, master mechanic of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Company, writes as follows from Minneapolis: "I noticed in your WEEKLY of January 10th a paragraph mentioning a large steel shaving. We destroyed two old engines in 1884 which had midvale

(Continued on page 143.)

A Skeleton in the Closet.

How often do we hear of this in domestic life at this day. But what is more appalling than the living body made repulsive with skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, eczema, and scrofulous sores and swellings. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the positive cure for all of these diseases. If taken in time, it also cures Lung-scurfula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption. By Druggists. *

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them. *



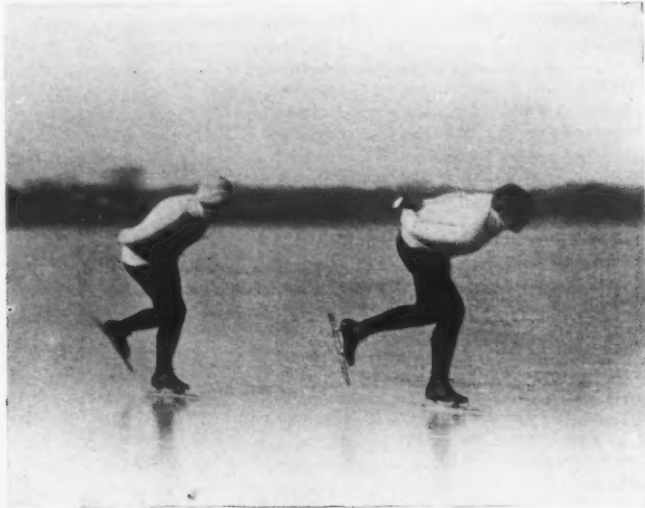
Absolutely Pure.



Moshier.

I.

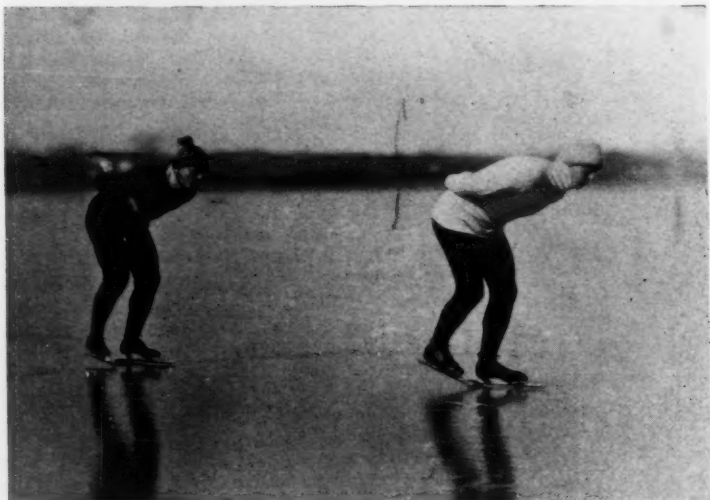
Clark.



Johnson.

II.

Moshier.



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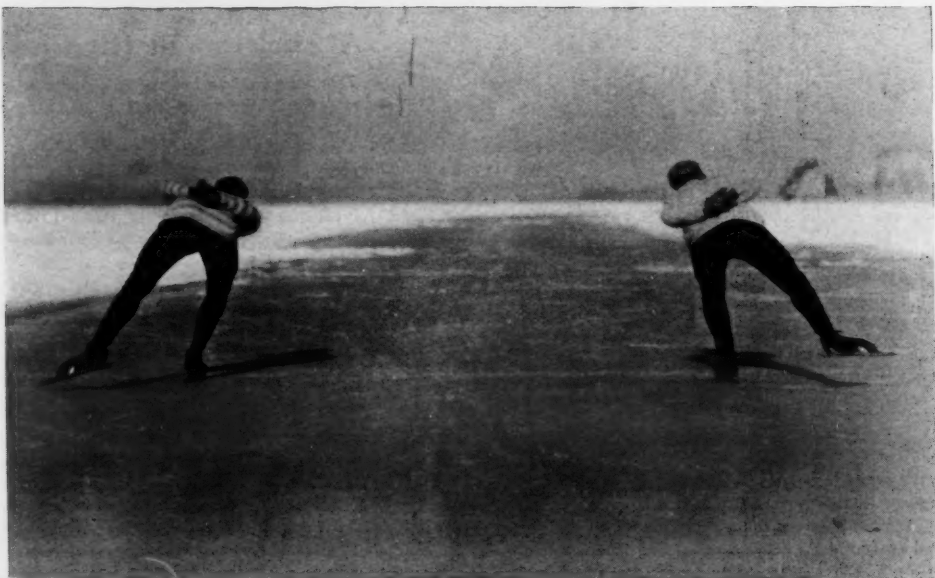
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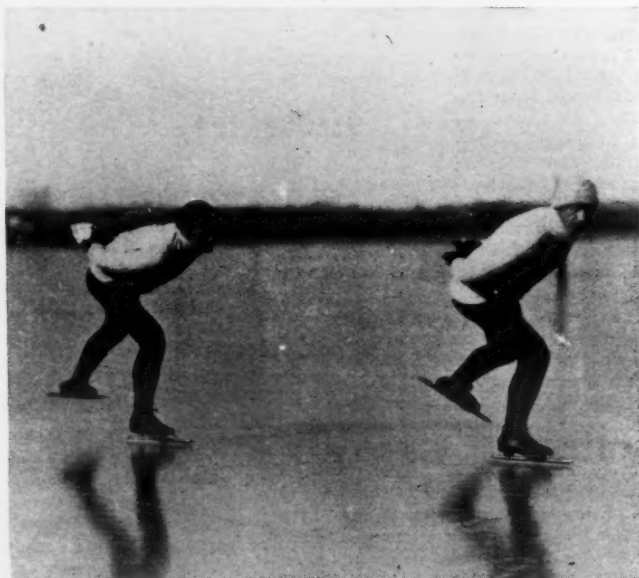
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Moshier.

V.

Clark.



Moshier.

VI.

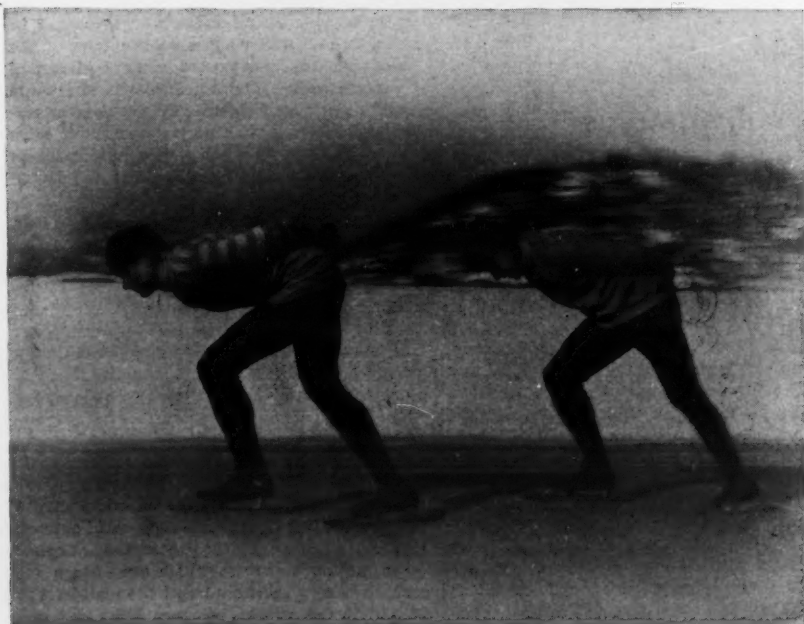
Johnson.



Johnson.

VII. Moshier.

Davidson.



Moshier.

VIII.

Clark.



WINTER SPORTS ABROAD—A SKATING SCENE IN LONDON.—*Illustrated London News.*



WINTER SPORTS ABROAD—A SKATING-COURSE IN PARIS.—*L'illustration.*



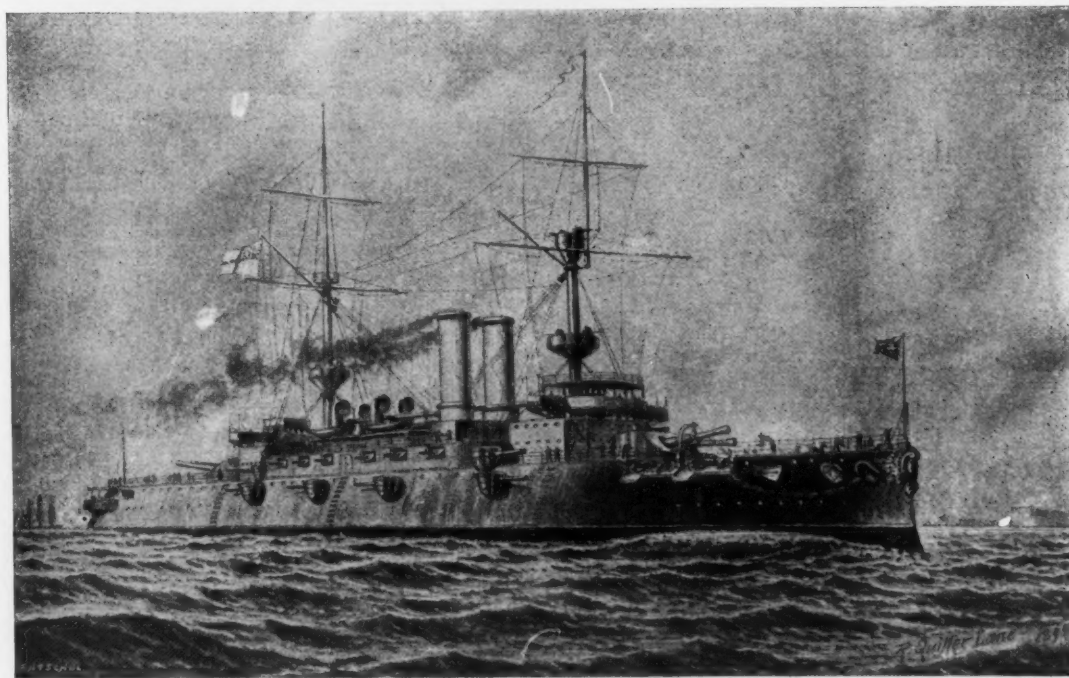
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH—AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORT ARTHUR.—*London Graphic.*



THE ENTRY OF THE JAPANESE ARMY INTO PORT ARTHUR AFTER ITS CAPTURE.
London Graphic.



THE RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE "ELBE" BY THE FISHING-SMACK "WILDFLOWER."
London Daily Graphic.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "MAJESTIC," THE LATEST FIRST-CLASS ADDITION TO THE BRITISH FLEET.—*London Graphic.*



MISS ANNA BOCKNER, THE ONLY WOMAN SAVED FROM THE STEAMSHIP "ELBE."—*London Daily Graphic.*

A READY ACQUIESCENCE.

TWYNN (after setting forth his plans)—“Don't you think my idea ought to be carried out?”
Triplet (not favorably impressed)—“Yes—and buried.”—Judge.

LITTLE FREDDIE, in a dark cellar with his uncle, clinging to him in great fear, said, “We ain't afraid, are we, Uncle Tom?”—Judge.

THE annexation of Newfoundland, according to the *Rochester Herald*, is as much a military and philanthropic necessity as the annexation of Hawaii. Very likely; but what this country wants, to be entirely safe, is the annexation of the north pole.—Judge.

AT DELMONICO'S.

ALBERTA—“I believe you call yourself an advanced woman, dear?”
Althea—“Yes, love.”

Alberta (sweetly)—“Then you may tip the waiter, dear.”—Judge.

A SIGN OF PEACE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—“When George Washington's father forgave him for cutting down the cherry-tree what lesson did it teach?”
Little Johnnie—“That he had buried the hatchet.”—Judge.

THE WORST YET.

HOJACK—“I wonder if the Princess Alix can make her husband stay at home nights?”
Tomdick—“What makes you wonder that?”
Hojack—“He's been a Romanoff all his life.”—Judge.

A LATE BREAKFAST

is often caused by a late milkman. No cream for the coffee or oatmeal has delayed many a morning meal. Keep a supply of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in the house, and avoid such annoyances.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 839 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

The student, writer, educator,
Finds a safe exhilarator in Bromo-Seltzer.

Use Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and digestive organs.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 636 Marshall, Michigan.

“HEALTH INSURANCE.”

That is almost as necessary as life insurance. It means reasonable care and occasionally a little medicine—not much. A Ripans Tabule is enough in most cases.

SOHMER & Co., the great piano-makers, furnish every variety of instruments—square, upright and grand—and are constantly striving to meet every demand. Their success has been phenomenal.

Scott's Emulsion

is not a secret remedy. It is simply the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the finest Hypophosphites, and chemically pure Glycerine, all combined into a perfect Emulsion so that it will never change or lose its integrity. This is the secret of Scott's Emulsion's great success.

It is the happy combination of these most valuable ingredients, materially increasing their potency; hence the great value of Scott's Emulsion in wasting diseases. We think people should know what they are taking into their stomachs.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!
Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin, Scalp and Blood when all else fails.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT,

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For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently equipped train,

Via the New York Central,
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Connecting the east and west,
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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

BOKER'S BITTERS
A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST
DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A
DELICACY IN DRINKS.
For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers,
Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

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by my **INVISIBLE** Tubular Closures. Have helped
more to good **HEAR** than all other de-
vices combined. Whispers heard. Help ears as glasses
do eyes. F. HILCOX, 858 B'way, N.Y. Book of proofs **FREE**

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COCOA
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Pianos are the Best.
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found the **SOHMER** Piano with one of a similarly
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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10
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GOLDEN AGE CHAMPAGNE.
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PROCESS OF FERMENTATION IN BOTTLE.
EQUAL IN QUALITY AND CHEAPER THAN IMPORTED.
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Schools, SCRANTON, PA.

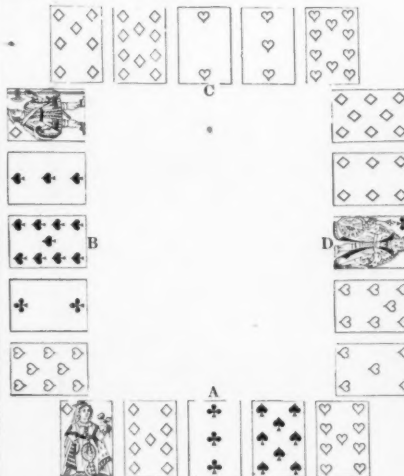
OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

As Problem No. 6 was reproduced to give all hands a better opportunity for understanding the terms, and to review their solutions, the answer is withheld until next week. No. 7 was not a very difficult ending, although a hundred or more solvers, who were not looking for a trap, fell in and broke their scores, and must commence over again on a new sequence of four wins to get a prize. The correct line of play is for A to lead diamond 9, B the queen, C discards spade ace, D takes with king. A wins the next trick in spades, leads trump ace, then spades once more and jack of hearts. The most of our solvers made the error of leading with ace of trumps, giving D an opportunity to discard his king of diamonds, which throws two tricks to B. Those who gave the correct play were Messrs. C. Ambruster, F. Buckley, C. M. Bright, A. Bookins, E. F. Bullard, Jr., C. A. Beswick, H. C. Burnett, J. Barnett, P. H. B., C. E. Clark, T. Carr, J. R. Dickinson, C. A. Dixon, W. P. Edwards, W. Falconer, P. Freeman, W. W. Fisk, W. H. Haskell, S. Henry, E. W. Hoyt, Mary B. Hazzard, H. A. Harden, O. C. Hutchinson, C. T. Hopkins, T. G. Irwin, H. H. Johnson, L. C. Karpinski, M. L. Kimball, T. A. Laurie, J. H. Loomis, C. A. Moody, D. McMartin, A. E. McLean, J. E. Miller, P. C. Nugent, L. Odebrecht, W. B. Parsons, E. J. Peck, W. Porter, A. Peckham, M. F. Rogers, W. H. Rowles, Singleton, G. White, A. Wheihl, W. Young, and T. Zerrega. All others fell into the trap referred to.

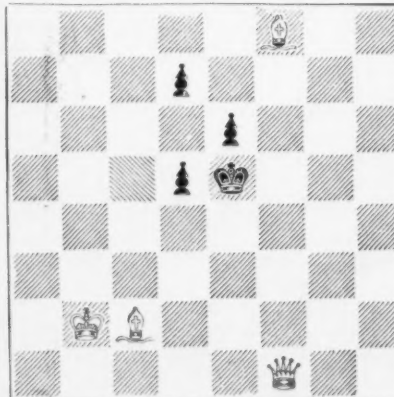
In reply to several correspondents we would say that contributions of original whist problems are always acceptable, and special prizes will be given every month for the best problem received—a book or one of Hillard's folding pocket “Whist and Problem Workers,” which is the best thing ever devised for students or problem-solvers. Contributors should restrict their problems to five cards to each hand, so as to make them uniform. Here is a simple little affair, given as Problem No. 11., without any depth of trick, but which is liable to confuse the average amateur:



Diamonds trumps. A leads. How many tricks can A and C take against any possible play?

The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM NO. 6. BY C. PLANK.
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 4. BY LOYD.

White.	Black.
1 R to R8!	1 P to R7
2 R to Q R 8	2 R moves.
3 Takes R mating.	

The above remarkably difficult problem was solved by Messrs. J. Gardner, A. H. Baldwin, A. H. Ganser, H. Duane, T. C. Rowell, H. Elliot, and W. Marsh. All others gave solutions which would not mate against the proper defense for black.

A TITLE WITH A MEANING.

CHARLEY CUMSO—“Why are girls called misses?”
Freddie Fangle—“Did you ever see 'em try to hit anything?”—Judge.



The Redfern
a brand of
the famous

S.H. & M.
Samples and Booklet
on “How to Bind the Dress
Skirt,” for 2c. stamp. Address
The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York.

“S.H. & M.” Dress Stays are the Best.

Victorien Sardou the Celebrated Author

writes of

VIN MARIANI.

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OF NOTED CELEBRITIES.

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Every Test Proves Reputation.
Avoid Substitutions. Ask for “Vin Mariani.”
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TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing
fruit lozenge,
very agreeable to take, for
Constipation,
hemorrhoids, bile,
loss of appetite, gastric
and intestinal troubles and
headache arising
from them.

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except Sunday, stopping only at important
cities en route and arriving at Buffalo early
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Cargu prices in any Quantity,
Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets,
Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes,
Cook Books and all kinds of premi-
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Rochester, N. Y.



A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious. A sample 4-ounce bottle sent to any address, prepaid, for 40c.

Story of the origin of the American Cocktail free on application.

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G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

39 Broadway, New York. Hartford, Conn. and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, England.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLIO

Rae's Lucca Oil The Perfection of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."

"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

Leghorn, Italy.

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S. Raedli

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2.

A SOLVENT FOR STONE IN THE BLADDER.

Dr. B. J. Weistling, of Middletown, Pa., states:

"Experience in its use in Stone in the Bladder, in my own person, enables me to attest the efficacy of the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in this painful malady. After having been subjected to sufferings, the intensity of which cannot be described, I have, under the influence of the water, passed an ounce of Calculi (Uric Acid), some of which weighed as much as four grains, affording inexpressible relief and leaving me in a condition of comparative ease and comfort. On one occasion I passed thirty-five Calculi in forty-eight hours. The appearance of this Calculus Nuclei indicates unmistakably, I think, that they were all component particles of one large Calculus, destroyed by the action of the water, by means of solution and disintegration. At my advanced period of life (I am seventy-seven years and six months of age), and in my feeble general health, a surgical operation was not to be thought of, and the water seems to have accomplished all that such an operation, if successful, could have done."



The above plate is from a photograph, and represents the exact size and shape of some of the Calculi passed by Dr. Weistling.

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

THE EASTER NUMBER
OF
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

— WILL BE PUBLISHED —

APRIL 6TH.

IT will be a handsome issue, with cover, and will have features pertaining specially to the season. The illustrations and letter-press will be of the highest character, and no expense will be spared to make the number a memorable one.

We would like your Advertising.

Will give you reasonable rates and the best possible service.

SEND FOR ESTIMATE.

WILLIAM L. MILLER, Manager Adv. Dept. **ARKELL WEEKLY CO.**

DESIRABLE PERSONAGES.

BANKS—"The Chinese should engage some New York boarding-house keepers to sail on their men-of-war."

Tanks—"Not to serve meals for them, I hope."

Banks—"No; to repel boarders."—Judge.



FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$2.75, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address

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CARDS FOR 1895. 50 Sample Styles
AND LIST OF 400 PREMIUM ARTICLES
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Our Superlative

Department.

(Continued from page 139.)

tires upon their centres. These tires were cut up into piston-rods. From one of these piston-rods we cut a shaving which rolled about three-sixteenths of an inch in width, three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and three times to the inch in length. This shaving broke at a length of 268 feet. I have it in my office now."—Farmer A. M. Palmer, the benevolent-looking gentleman who is sometimes seen about Palmer's Theatre, has a fine mushroom farm near East Bergen, New Jersey. The biggest mushroom ever grown in the United States he produced not long ago, weighing a pound. Queen Victoria gave a prize of ten pounds for a pound and a quarter mushroom in England.—Farming-ton, New Hampshire, boasts of the biggest sled in New England. It is called the "Uncle Sam," is seventy-seven feet long, carries seventy adults, and was built by its owner, Henry Pearl, a painter. On its trial trip it won a barrel of apples and an oyster supper for the party.—John D. Taylor, treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, on June 7th, 1881, drew a check for \$14,949,052.20. It was exhibited at the World's Fair. Was any bigger check ever drawn?—The great grapevine of Santa Barbara covers more than an acre of ground, and yields five tons annually. California also has the biggest hotel and the most extensive apple, prune, peach, and almond orchards.—The longest and strongest pier has been built not long since at Santa Monica for the Southern Pacific and Atchison's railroads. There are 5,200 piles of Oregon pine in the pier.—The greatest distance a letter can be carried in the United States for two cents is from Key West, Florida, to Ounalaska, 6,271 miles.—The postage bill of the National Cash Register Company was seventy-five thousand dollars for last year. Who can beat it?

The biggest wisteria vine in the State of Connecticut, and possibly in the United States, grows at the top of Church Street, Norwich. It is a foot in diameter at its base, dividing about a foot above the ground and sending one fork a hundred feet in length northward along the front of the house of George D. Coit. Its other fork, consisting of three strands, each four inches thick, has seized upon a stately elm-tree, and is gradually choking the life out of it. Norwich is said to have the biggest syringa bush in New England, whose crown, over ninety feet in circumference, shades a lawn on Washington Street.—The biggest telescope in the world is what John A. Brashear, of Pittsburgh, is planning to build for that city. It is announced that Andrew Carnegie and Henry Phipps, Jr., have offered to contribute most of the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars required to equip the observatory for this telescope. An outlay of two hundred thousand dollars is needed for the telescope, as the lens is to be fifty inches in diameter. The tube for the telescope must be sixty-three feet long. The largest telescope now in use is in the Lick Observatory. Its object-glass is thirty-six inches in diameter. The largest glass now being ground is for the Yerkes Observatory of the Chicago University, and will measure forty-two inches.

"The biggest petition known is the one recently taken to Congress from Chicago by Mrs. Matilda B. Corse. There are four million signatures, collected in five years from all over the globe. It is to secure the suppression of the liquor and opium traffic, and is to go from Washington to the Queen of England."—O. P. "The biggest salmon caught in British waters in twenty-five years was a seventy-one pounder, taken lately in the Tay. In 1821 an eighty-three pound salmon was exposed for sale in London."—R. Sage. "The wooden pulley eighteen feet in diameter, and with a face surface of four feet, made in Columbus, Indiana, is the biggest in the world. One hundred pounds of glue, two and one-half kegs of nails, and two thousand eight hundred pieces of wood were used in making it."—Hosier. "The Cairo University, with eleven hundred students from every part of the Mohammedan world, is the largest."—Scholasticus. "The Paris Library, containing two million printed books, is the biggest."—V. G.

"The biggest iceberg found in navigable seas was discovered by the ship Francis, of New Bedford, Captain Doane, in the South Atlantic Ocean just east of the Falkland Islands, on February 16th, 1893. It was six miles long and four miles wide, stood three hundred feet above the sea, and must, by the rule of sevenths, have had eighteen hundred feet submerged."—J. D. "The Norrie, at Ironwood, Michigan, whose output for one year has exceeded one million tons, is the largest iron mine in the world."—A. C. "When the steamship Curry was built, a year or two ago, at Bay City, Michigan, by F. & W. Wheeler, she was said to be the biggest boat on the great lakes. Her length over all was 378½ feet. Is there a bigger?"—Old Salt. "The biggest mosquitoes in the world are found in the lowlands of Yucatan. From tip to tip of wings some measure four and a half inches."—F. C. C.

Thumb-ology.

JUST as there is a method of reading noses, so there is a means of identifying people by their thumbs. It may be said, indeed, that men and women are known as much by their thumbs as by their works. The nose is no more susceptible of modification by changed conditions of life than are the thumbs. This is especially noticeable in well-born gentlemen and gentlewomen who have two or three generations of good breeding back of them. It is also seen in the immigrants who come to this country to better their condition. Among the rude, ignorant and peasant classes the thumbs are coarse, heavy, and undeveloped. On the other hand, the conditions of ease, luxury and culture tend to produce a fine, delicate thumb—a thumb showing refinement and taste as much as the nose does.

There are different types of thumbs, just as there are different physiognomies, which stamp the races of men. Compare the thumbs modeled by the ancient sculptors with those on modern statues. You find also that the Greek thumbs are not the Roman thumbs, nor is the Hindu thumb the same type as the German thumb. The Chinese thumb is peculiar. It is well developed, showing civilizing influences, but somehow Chinese thumbs and fingers seem beautifully fitted for picking pockets, or as Bret Harte would say, for slyly putting cards up the sleeve.

There are thumbs that curve downward, revealing shrewdness or miserliness, and in some cases a desire to grasp everything in sight. Then there are thumbs that bend up. They indicate usually inquisitive dispositions, a desire to pry into secrets. The small, narrow thumb is the thumb of weak character. No really great man or woman ever had such a thumb. The strength of will power is supposed to be indicated by length of the upper joint.

That no two persons have identically the same shaped thumb can be easily proved by examining thumb prints. The Chinese for many hundred years have used the thumb print not only for the purpose of identification, but sometimes as a signature. So, too, the police identify criminals by their thumbs.

FLAVOR OF BREAD.

Much has been said and written on bread baking—how to make it good, sweet, wholesome, and delicious. The experience of all persons in following directions as to how to have the best success reveals the fact that it is the most difficult and uncertain thing in practice, but, whatever may have been the method employed, is it true that everybody knows just why he likes the taste of any particular kind of bread? Certain it is that breads vary in their flavor as much as in their lightness. A close observation, however, will show those who have had their palates tickled to satisfaction in the eating of this staple article of diet that there is some particular element or quality produced, so that that which they like the best possesses that indescribable, superlative quality of taste which may be termed its "flavor." And the question may therefore be asked, What is it that produces the best flavor in bread? Of course no one puts into dough any specific essence which gives the desired taste. The flour itself cannot be said to give the taste to the bread, provided it is sound flour, and therefore we must look for it elsewhere. It is to be found in the leavening agent; be it yeast or baking powder, it is this that has most to do with the problem of how to make the sweetest and most toothsome bread, cake, muffins, etc.

When yeast is used the bread often has a sour taste, a flavor coming from decomposition, especially if the yeast be too rank or has been allowed to work too much in the dough, causing destruction of the gluten and nutritious qualities of the flour. Yeast is itself a ferment that transforms and rots the flour in order to produce the carbonic acid gas which makes the dough porous, so that if the yeast has not been properly treated, or the mass of dough has been too much transformed by the yeast, it results in imperfect taste and quality in the bread.

In respect to baking powders, they are of many kinds and give various results according to the materials of which the baking powder is composed and according to the perfection of its manufacture. For instance, when a baking powder is used which contains alum, the bread or biscuit will frequently have a bitter taste. If a pure cream-of-tartar baking powder is used the result will be better; and if the elements of a cream-of-tartar powder are used so that each ingredient has its counterpart in exact equivalents, then we may expect not only the most wholesome but the sweetest and most delicious bread.

There is no baking powder which produces such sweet and tasteful food as the Royal Baking Powder. One of the greatest of the claims of the manufacturers of this powder is that it leaves without fermentation or decomposition, and that the exact equivalents of its constituents are used, whereby a perfectly neutral result is obtained, which invariably guarantees that particular and peculiar flavor in bread so much desired and appreciated by all. In fact, the oldest patrons of this powder declare that they get not only a superlative lightness of the bread, but that the biscuit, cakes, muffins, etc., never taste quite so sweet or so good as when they are raised by the Royal Baking Powder. This comes from its perfectly uniform combination of the best and purest materials, as has been shown to be true by the recent examinations made by both the United States and the Canadian governments, which reveal the fact beyond a question that the Royal Baking Powder is the most scientifically compounded of any in the market. The Royal gives a delicious flavor to the bread.

The very safest train to take is the one that immediately follows a disaster.—Judge.



AN ACCIDENT.

'MANDY—“Oh, mammy, come quick! 'Tisher done cotched her toe in her kinks an' cain't git it out.”

Begin Dinner

with Soup! It refreshes, and prepares the stomach for the digestion of heavier food. One pound of

Armour's
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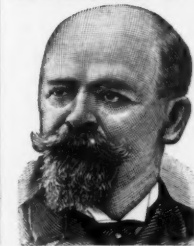


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